

SEPTEMBER 19, 1955

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

ROCKY THE CHAMP

IN THIS ISSUE:
HOW ARCHIE
PLANS TO BEAT HIM

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

JUDGING by the many letters we received which tell us **No.**, the average issue of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** leads a long and active life. One of the most active is probably the lot of the copy which goes to Mr. Lloyd C. Hazleton in Montreal, Canada. His letter, attached to his renewal form, recently arrived at our subscription offices in Chicago.

"The enclosed two-year renewal should result in some new subscriptions for you, as this can hardly continue for another two years.

"My son-in-law picks up my copy regularly.

"His two brothers read it.

"They send it to another brother who, in turn—

¹¹Sends it to relatives in the Maritime Provinces.

"After that I lose track."

Keeping track of the original destination of all subscription copies of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is the job of Time Inc. subscription headquarters at 540 N. Michigan Avenue. Here a battery of machines sorts, marks and reduces to IBM cards all routine subscription information. But some things machines can't do, such as understand and acknowledge friendly messages. So at 540 a staff of more than 1,000 takes over where machines leave off and sees, for one thing, that all correspondence receives a personal answer.

During the past few weeks both mechanical and human activity at 540 has increased above its busy norm as thousands of renewals and many heart-warming letters have poured in from the ranks of ST's charter subscribers.

This season also brings to Chicago a burst of requests for changes of address. These come from a group of young and loyal subscribers for whom late summer means getting ready to return to college and, as part of that, heeding the small print on the lower left-hand corner of this page and getting **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** ready too.

When it arrives at college, it seems that SI leads a life no less vigorous than when it reaches Mr. Hazleton.

From North Carolina State: "My roommates here scramble for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED as soon as it comes in. I have to wait until last to read it. But it is well worth waiting for."

From Dartmouth: "If our dormitory is any indication, and I think it is, then SI is just about the most extensively and intensively read magazine in the American college."

Naturally 540 is happy to make sure that SI arrives at the right place and time to start its sophomore year.



Harry Phillips

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COVER: ROCKY MARCIANO

Photograph by Hy Peskin

When Rocky Marciano steps into the ring at Yankee Stadium at 10:30 p.m., Tuesday, September 20, he will be defending not only his world heavyweight championship but an unbeaten professional record as well. Born Rocco Marchegiano in Brockton, Mass. 32 years ago (one year earlier than he admits), Marciano has won 48 fights, 42 by knockouts. His challenger, Archie Moore, the light-heavyweight champion, has far from an unbeaten record (120 wins in 144 fights) but possesses experience and dexterity which the slugging Marciano lacks. Archie is convinced he will win and says just that—and how he will do it—in a CONVERSATION PIECE on page 18.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

AN SI PREVIEW: THE WORLD SERIES

The teams, the records, the scouting reports, plus four pages of Champion Dodgers IN COLOR

J. P. MARQUAND ON OLD NED, THE BARTENDER

Old Ned doesn't mix drinks very well but he has sharp ears and some people at Happy Knoll are loath to let him go

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Sander Iharos**, durable Hungarian who has already set three world records this year, stepped off 13.25 for three miles, 13:36.8 for 5,000 meters, bettered two more listed marks in Poland-Hungary dual meet at Budapest. ● **Laszlo Taborski**, second half of Hungary's limber-legged one-two punch, edged Denmark's **Gunnar Nielsen** by inches in thrilling 1,500-meter dual at Oslo as both were clocked in 3:40.8, one second faster than **John Landy**'s accepted world standard and equalling Iharos' time in July 28 race. ● **Jerazy Chromik**, swift-running Pole, raced over 3,000-meter steeplechase course in 8:40.2, broke world record

for second time in week at Budapest. ● **Japan's** fast-moving **Takashi Ichimoto** thrashed 200-meter butterfly in 2:23.8, set by Jiro Nagasawa last month. ● **Art Kennedy** of St. Louis bounced his Class D-3 runabout at rapid 51.428 mph over Ohio River for 5-mile NOA speed standard at Cairo, Ill. ● **Col. Horace A. Hanes**, dashing Air Force flyboy, flew F-100-C Super Sabre jet fighter at 870.627 and 773.644 mph in two runs at 40,000 feet over Edwards AFB, Calif., averaged 822.135 mph (faster than speed of sound) for official level-flight record.

BASEBALL

Cleveland Indians, staging grim battle to repeat an American League championship, had anxious moments in Boston and New York, finally emerged from tense week's play with 11-game edge over challenging **Yankees**, 3½ over slipping **Chicago White Sox**, 6 over faltering **Red Sox** as all four contenders participated in exciting round robin. Indians put damper on Boston's chances, won 3-1 on home run by **Al Smith**. **Al Rosen** and **Ralph Kiner**, solid pitching by **Bob Lemon** and ace relievers **Ray Narveski** and **Don Mossi**, stormed from behind to throttle **Red Sox** 10-7. Next stop was New York where **Yankees**, who had split with **White Sox** 4-1, 8-9, waited for chance to take over first place. Veteran left-hander **Tommy Byrne** put New York within reaching distance with brilliant four-hit 6-1 triumph over **Early Wynn** in opener of double-header watched by 67,000. Indians trailed 2-1 in second game, rallied to tie score on **Bobby Avila's** eighth-inning homer, squeezed out 3-2 victory when usually reliable **Whitey Ford** lost control, let winning run score on what may become wildest pitch of season (see page 28). Meanwhile **Chicago** and **Boston**, still hopeful, split two games, stayed within halting distance of embattled leaders as schedule headed into final two weeks.

Brooklyn Dodgers, in first place since April 15, rattled off eight-game winning streak, nailed down National League pennant with 10-2 win over second-place **Milwaukee** in 138th game, earliest clinching of flag since 1964 **New York Giants** won big prize in 137th contest. Rookie **Karl Spooner** was hero of deciding game, hurling 5½ hitless innings and fanning nine after relieving **Roger Craig**. Earlier, husky fireballer **Don Newcombe** beat Philadelphia 11-4 for 20th victory, slammed seventh home run to set league record for pitchers. **Carl Erskine** and **Billy Loes** came through with 9-inning victories over Philadelphia 8-2, Milwaukee 3-1, gave Manager **Walton** Alton two more able starters for World Series.

SAILING

Bill Buchan Jr., lanky young University of Washington pre-dental junior, displayed sound tactics, skipped unfamiliar **Luders 16** to North American sailing championship over choppy Lake St. Clair at Detroit, won right to have name engraved on ancient soup tureen known as **Clifford D. Mallory Trophy**. **Buchan** summed up victory: "We didn't take a chance all week." Defending champion **Gene Walet III** of New Orleans finished fourth (see page 34).

Cuba's Jorge de Cardenas, assisted by younger brother **Carlos Jr.** as crewman, lived up to tradition set by father, who holds world championship, sailed his **Kurush III** to two first places, broke deadlock on final day to win North American Star Class title at Rye, N.Y.

TENNIS

Tony Trabert had his big game clicking at Forest Hills, N.Y., polished off Australia's **Les Hoad** in semifinals, overpowered little **Ken Rosewall** 9-7, 6-3, 6-3 in final to win national singles title and complete first triple slam (Wimbledon, France and U.S.) since **Dan Wigdem** turned trick in 1938. **Doris Hart** dropped first three games to England's **Pat Ward**, recovered magnificently to hammer out 6-4, 6-2 triumph for her second straight women's singles crown.

BOXING

Carmen Basilio, sad-eyed welterweight champion with ambition to challenge **Babe Olson** for middleweight title, had his hands full with left-hooking **Gil Turner** before punching out 10-round split decision over aggressive Philadelphia in nontitle TV bout at Syracuse, N.Y., prompted Co-Manager **Johnny DeJohn** to take second look: "What can we gain now by risking a fight with him [Olson]?" More likely prospect for Basilio's next fight: dutchling **Johnny Saxton**, for welter crown.

Vince Martinez, fifth-ranked welterweight contender still finding it difficult to get work, gave home-town fans first look at his skills, punched way to easy 10-round decision over **Bob Previzzi** at Paterson, N.J.

Cisco Andrade, clever California lightweight, unleashed brilliant two-sided attack, pulled jabbing Orlando Zulueta with sharp overhead rights to win 10-round in New York's Madison Square Garden.

HORSE RACING

Jet Action, Maine Chance Farm's 4-year-old chestnut colt, was kept close to early pace by crafty **Willie Shoemaker**, forged into safe lead when roused with whip, coasted home by 2½ lengths to win \$152,950 Washington Park Handicap at Chicago.

Husker Fantasy, winner of only one race in nine starts, broke smartly, paid strict attention to jockey **Sam Beaudette**, raced to surprising victory over **Espean** and highly regarded but faltering **Needles** in \$10,925 World's Playground Stakes at Atlantic City, N.J. to provide healthy (13-1) payoff for backers.

Westward Ho, running as entry with favored **Saratoga**, took over when **Montpelier** Farm colt pulled up with injury to right

hind pastern, saved day for bettors by hanging under wire 3/4 length ahead of fast-finishing **Illusionist** to capture \$28,360 Discovery Handicap at Aqueduct, N.Y.

Blen Host got off to fast start, outlasted challenging **Gliding Wings** in stretch run to win by scant head in closing-day \$38,550 Del Mar Futurity at Del Mar, Calif.

Meld, **Lady Zia Werneher's** spirited filly, came from behind to win historic St. Leger Stakes as Queen Elizabeth and crowd of 200,000 looked on at Doncaster, England.

GOLF

Cary Middlecoff, chip-shooting with gun-sight accuracy, dropped 50-footer for eagle three on final hole, edged prevailing **Sam Snead** by two strokes 276 to 278 to pocket \$10,000 first prize in rich Cavalcade of Golf at Scotch Plains, N.J.

PGA named 10-man team to meet British in Ryder Cup matches at Palm Springs, Calif. Nov. 5-6. Those selected: **PGA** champion **Doug Flad**, Masters champion **Cary Middlecoff**, **Chick Harbert**, **Tommy Bolt**, **Ted Kroil**, **Jerry Barber**, **Sam Snead**, **Jack Burke Jr.**, **Marty Fargol** and **Chandler Harger**. Notable absentee: **Bob Toski**, leading money winner of 1954.

AUTO RACING

Phil Hill, daring young engineering consultant from Santa Monica, Calif., battled **Sherwood Johnston** of Greenwich, Conn. wheel-to-wheel over 148 miles of winding black-top course, finally prodded his **Monza Ferrari** two lengths ahead of Johnston's **D Jaguar** in feature race at Road America, Elkhart Lake, Wis. Class winners: Class E modified—**Harold Ulrick**, Evanston, Ill., in Excaltur; Class C—**Ralph A. Miller**, Lincoln, Neb., in Jaguar XK140MC; Class D modified—**Hill**, in **Monza Ferrari**; Class D—**Paul O'Shea**, Rye, N.Y., in Mercedes 300SL; Class E modified—**Ted Baynton**, Chicago, in Maserati; Class E—**Bob Goldrick**, Chicago, in TR2; Class F modified—**Frank Bott**, Chicago, in **Oscar**; Class F—**Bob Ballenger**, Highland Park, Ill., in Porsche; Class G modified—**Rees Malins**, Chicago, in **Oscar**; Class G—**Ros Heath**, Salina, Kan., in TC MG; Class H modified—**John C. Mays**, Bloomington, Ill., in Fibersport (see page 32).

Juan Manuel Fangio, racing-wise Argentine, gunned his sleek silver Mercedes into early lead, kept it there for full 316.5 miles while averaging 128.483 mph, eased home in front of teammate **Piero Taruffi** in Italian Grand Prix watched by 300,000 at new Monza track.

Herb Thomas, long-legged Sanford, N.C., racer, roared from behind in Chevrolet,

**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

**In a free-for-all between
Rocky Marciano, Heavy-
weight Boxing Champion,
and Lou Thesz, Wrestling
Champion, who would win?**

ROCKY MARCIANO



**World's Heavyweight
Champion**

"I'd bat his brains out, throwing punches from the opening bell. These has no defense against pile-driving punches. And I've broken a few holds, myself. I'd welcome the chance to prove that I can lick These. Jimmy, why don't you and **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** promote this fight? It would sell out any stadium."

LOUIS G. WILKE, Bartlesville, Okla.



**President
Nat'l. AAU of the U.S.**

"If the catch kick and other crimpers are barred, I pick Marciano. He's smart enough to alter his tactics, knowing that a rushing style would work to his disadvantage. At long range, Rocky's power-laden fists, all-round stamina and fighting ability would be too much for Lou These."

ALFRED Y. MORGAN, Brooklyn, N.Y.



**Owner, White Rock
Beverage Corp.**

"Rocky would kill These. Marciano is fast and can keep away from body holds. Wrestlers have no defense against the killing blows of a skillful boxer. One hard right to the head and Marciano could take his time for the knockout. I'd love to see this. It looks like a natural for Jim Norris."

ROGER FIRESTONE, Bryn Mawr, Pa.



**President
Firestone Plastics Co.**

"The present crop of professional wrestlers we have on television aren't really wrestlers. They do too much clowning—not enough wrestling. Marciano would murder any of them, including Lou These. But the old-timers like Jimmy London and Zbyszko would tear Marciano apart."

BILL HUTTON, New York



**Publicity and
promotion**

"Marciano, in his fight against Don Cockell of England, he showed that he knows every dirty trick in the book. Years ago I saw a match between a boxer and a wrestler-judo artist. The wrestler got the boxer down, but the boxer delivered the knockout punch while sprawled on his knees."

RUDY GUSER, Passaic, N.J.



**Wrestler and
wrestling promoter**

"There's no question about it. These would win. I once fought a free-for-all with a good fighter in Memphis, Tenn. I threw him, twisted his arm, dislocated his shoulder and tore his arm muscles. It was over in one minute and 52 seconds. Although I'm 50, I'd be glad to take on Marciano."

LOU THESZ



Wrestler

"I would. A wrestler is better equipped for rough-and-tumble fighting. I saw such a match 20 years ago between Ray Steele and Kingfish Levinsky. Steele licked the Kingfish in 32 seconds. Any of a dozen wrestlers could lick Marciano. I say this while acknowledging Rocky is a great champion."

GYAMA KATO



Judo wrestler

"Any top wrestler or judo artist can beat Marciano. A wrestler will use all submission holds and chokes. The judo artist will also use his feet, knees, elbows and fists. My bit of Oriental advice to Rocky is: The tougher and better known you are in your profession, the meeker you should be."

LOUIS MATHIS, Paris, France



Representative
American Bureau of
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"That depends. If Marciano is a good wrestler—and he may well be—this free-for-all would be a diller. But if Rocky knows little about wrestling, Thesez would win. A champion wrestler has too many tricks. Lou would come in low, grapple with Rocky and break his arm on the first hold."

ED (STRANGLER) LEWIS



Old-time wrestling
champion

"Thesez. No boxer can cope with a wrestler in hand-to-hand combat. In World War I, while teaching hand-to-hand combat, 10 soldiers, instructed by me, met 10 soldiers who were trained by the boxing instructor. Every wrestler won. I respect Marciano's ability, but any top wrestler can lick him."

GREY SMITH



Sports editor
Pittsburgh Press

"Lou Thesez, without a doubt. It would be no contest. All Lou would have to do is slip past Marciano's first lead, move in and get his hold. Rocky would never get free. It would be all over. That has been proven in the past, but I'd certainly like to see the match."

NEXT WEEK'S
QUESTION:

Who is the greatest
baseball player of all time?

TALLMAN SHIRT



by

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EVENTS &
DISCOVERIES

World Series prediction • Straight sets for Tony • Afield with the lachrymose Basenji • Philly's fans find something to laugh at • Detergent for dirty business • Salt flat solo

THE DODGERS, ETC.

COURTESY OF THE Milwaukee Braves, who accepted a 10-2 defeat on their home grounds, the Brooklyn Dodgers clinched their 11th National League pennant on the earliest date (Sept. 8) in league history. Thus was completed a runaway race that began with the Dodgers winning 10 straight at the start of the season. They were 17 full games ahead when they nailed the championship at Milwaukee.

On the very day the Dodgers were making it official, representatives of four American League teams assembled in the Chicago office of Will Harridge, league president, and began flipping coins like crazy against the possibilities of two-, three- and four-way ties that conceivably (at that time) could snarl up the frantic stretch drive of the Cleveland Indians, the New York Yankees, the Chicago White Sox and the Boston Red Sox. The coin flipping was in accord with an Einsteinian formula worked out by Ford C. Frick, commissioner of baseball. The significant point of Mr. Frick's calculations was that the World Series would open on Sept. 28 in the park of the American League winner if one had been determined at the conclusion of the regular schedule. If a playoff was necessary, the Series would start Sept. 29.

The Brooklyn front office was frankly hopeful that the Yankees would win. Otherwise, the Dodgers would be then required to face the tremendous New York demand for tickets all alone—with only 31,443 salable seats for each game at Ebbets Field. Yankee

Stadium, with seats for 67,000, would take the pressure off.

Joe DiMaggio, interviewed in Rome, had some reassuring words for the front office, but could give Walt Alston and his nine nothing more than his condolences. The Yanks would win, said Joe (thereby settling the ticket problem), but the Dodgers would be licked before they started. It's kind of a psychological whammy the Yanks have on the Dodgers, according to Joe. Brooklyn might take Boston, Chicago or Cleveland, Joe said, but never the Yankees.

"They can't even say Yankees," Joe said. "It's always those blank lucky Yankees. To put it politely."

Meanwhile, the rest of the American

League, in a purely inadvertent way, was doing its best to relieve Brooklyn of all need to meet the Yankees. Would it be Cleveland? Chicago? Ford Frick was reassuring: *There will be a World Series.*

CONSOLATION PRIZE

INTERNATIONAL TENNIS is a game seldom taken lightly by those who excel at it. One has only to backtrack two weeks for a recollection of the nervous tension in the air over Forest Hills, N.Y. while the young Australian Davis Cup team soundly whacked the defending Americans, 5-0. "Now that we've

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Rocky Marciano, tapering off training for his Tuesday title defense against Archie Moore at Yankee Stadium, was a better than 3-1 favorite to remain World Heavyweight Champion. In the bookmakers' odds you must bet \$16 to win \$5 on Marciano, \$5 to win \$14 if you like Moore. Capone preview by SI's Budd Schulberg: Marciano in seven or eight rounds.

The Brooklyn Dodgers, who virtually won the National League pennant in the first month of the season, made it official by sweeping two games with the second-place Braves, showed themselves to be almost too-old pros by failing to register excitement over their record feat.

The American League's up-and-down pennant race and the heavyweight championship fight continued to preoccupy the sports pages, but a new story was coming along fast: the 1955 collegiate football season. Opening weekends are sometimes slow but

there's nothing wrong with this one: UCLA, ranked No. 1 in the AP's pre-season poll, plays Texas A&M Friday night; the next day will bring Georgia Tech-Miami, Texas-Texas Tech, Mississippi-Georgia, Maryland-Missouri, Pittsburgh-California.

Tony Trabert, playing as if his Davis Cup performance had been just a creaky warm-up, disposed of Australia's Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall in straight sets on consecutive days at Forest Hills, regained the national tennis title he lost last year.

President Eisenhower, following up his July initiative on physical fitness for the nation's youth, set a further conference for Lowry Air Force Base near Denver, Sept. 27-28, to continue a study of the problem. After two days of discussion, representative sportsmen and citizens from all parts of the U.S. will be guests of the President at a dinner at which he will address them and receive their recommendations.

continued from page 9

regained the Cup," said Australian's Lew Hoad, "we'll have to try not to let down during your Nationals." Said America's Tony Trabert, who lost to Hoad after a competitive lay-off: "I know that I need steady competition to be at my best."

Last week the two internationalists, along with their fellow travelers, Ken Rosewall and Vic Seixas, returned to the worn turf of Forest Hills to battle for what turned out to be just the consolation prize this year: the historic U.S. singles title. The competition Trabert wanted was there, but somehow the Australian Davis Cup spirit had spirited itself out of sight.

It seems a shame to have to make excuses for such fine young tennis players as Hoad and Rosewall, but the fact remains that neither of them seems able to muster their best tennis unless the Davis Cup is at stake. At Wimbledon this summer neither could get to the finals, and Trabert became the first man since Don Budge to walk off with the title without losing a set. Trabert did it again last week at Forest Hills. In seven matches he won 21 consecutive sets and finished off the week's work by thumping Hoad 6-4, 6-2, 6-1 in the semifinals and by beating Rosewall 9-7, 6-3, 6-3 for the crown next day.

To be sure, Trabert's game was better last week than it had been during the Challenge Round. At times, especially in his match with Hoad, he may have been playing the best tennis of his life. His services were deadly accurate, and his volleying, which had lacked authority against the same player two weeks before, was completely effective. It cannot be said that Hoad did not try. He must have tried, for he led 3-0 in the first set. But it must be said that when Trabert squared the score and went ahead, Hoad was a most indifferent player. "My boy just didn't fight," said Harry Hopman later. "Don't ask me why." Rosewall, a fine tactician with superb ground strokes, finished off Vic Seixas in the semifinals, and against Trabert went down fighting. He left the impression that if his game was "down" it was chiefly because Trabert was "up" in every department.

If it were not for the immovable evidence of his Davis Cup defeat, Tony Trabert, as the French champion, Wimbledon champion and U.S. champion could lay full claim to the title of best amateur around. But the season isn't over yet. This week the amateur

tour moves to California for the Pacific Southwest championships, where the Cup rivals can expect to meet again. The Pacific Southwest title lacks the importance of the Davis Cup and the prestige of the Nationals, but it might produce a good rubber match or two.

Jack Kramer, the old pro, will be watching. "I've got something cooking," he said, "but I'm not ready to talk about it yet."

WORD OF CAUTION

THERE ARE FEW men who do not long to stun their fellows with some burst of fiendish ingenuity—the man who first dyed an elephant pink was firmly in the grip of this desire and so, of course, was the fellow who first filled a hotel-room bathtub to the brim with lemon Jell-O. It seems inevitable that a good many bird hunters will



emerge from their local movie palaces in coming months aglow with this same emotion, and that they will obtain, or at any rate try to obtain, a Basenji (pronounced bass-EN-jee) as a gun dog and companion in the field.

At first impact this could seem like a capital idea. A motion picture entitled *Goodbye My Lady*, adapted from a novel of the same name by the late James Street, is currently being filmed at Albany, Ga., and when it is done the silver screen will suggest that a Basenji can locate quail as easily as a bloodhound can trail a wet goat. This

is a fascinating thesis, for the Basenji is a canine curio; it originated in Central Africa during the dawn of civilization (it is depicted on stone carvings dating back to 4 000 B.C.) and was a companion of the pharaohs in Egypt. It is relatively rare—there are less than 1,000 in the U.S.

It is a handsome little dog—males stand 17 inches, females 16 inches at the shoulders—with sharp ears, a sharp muzzle, a tightly curled tail and a short, silky, lustrous coat of red and white, or black, white and tan. But the Basenji's peculiar charm stems from the fact that he is genuinely different from most dogs. He does not bark, although he can scream with terror, chortle with happiness, snarl and occasionally emit something which sounds like a yodel. He keeps clean by licking himself like a cat. He has no canine odor. And, when unhappy, a Basenji is reputed to shed real tears. A hunter equipped with a four-footed sideshow of these proportions would obviously never lack a gallery.

There is, furthermore, no real reason to doubt that a Basenji can be used in quail hunting. A California veterinary student named Dick Willett owned a Basenji (now unfortunately defunct) which he describes as the only quail-hunting dog of its breed in North America. Historically, the dog has been a hunter of small game, and it has a fine nose. But the facility with which Lady, heroine of the forthcoming movie, hunts quail should not be used as a yardstick by eager bird hunters. Lady is not one dog, in fact, but 12—some male, some female, and all made up with grease paint to look relatively alike. Only one of them, a dog named Meera which had some preliminary training in the quail business in Mexico, has even the remotest aptitude for hunting. Meera, however, is not very hot. The rest do not know a bird from a pizza pie. One of them does achieve a sort of point—it has been trained to raise one foot when a trainer taps its leg with a stick. Another engages in a fight with three hounds (all the dogs have their mouths taped shut), and others are on hand to record the various odd Basenji vocal effects for the sound track.

By dividing the chores and training each dog to perform one small function of the action demanded in the script the moviemakers feel certain they can deliver a quail-hunting Basenji to the screen—although there is now some doubt that Lady will, as the scenario demands, weep on parting from a small boy who finds her wandering in the



APPROACH SHOT

At 81 I could have fun
At sports of yesterday,
If I could get an old coquette
With whom to play croquet?
—HARVEY L. CARTER

woods. Despite the urging of five trainers, not one of the 12 Basenjis has shed one tear, and Albany is full of a rumor that the make-up department will resort to glycerine to achieve the necessary effect. A bird hunter, of course, might not mind a dry-eyed dog—one which wept at the sight of game, in fact, could be downright embarrassing. But all in all it seems only fair to suggest that any hunter who takes the field with a Basenji would do well to keep a setter in reserve, just in case.

SHAGGY MANAGER STORY

AS THE BASEBALL season in Philadelphia draws toward its inevitable, faded close the town's more euphoric fans are maintaining good cheer with a tale which in the past has made the rounds of other losing ball parks.

It has to do with Mayo Smith, shorn of substitutes by the vicissitudes of a tight game and looking desperately down the bench for someone to put in at third. There was but one choice open to him, a horse named Charley who had come up from the minors with quite a reputation as a fielder and hitter. Charley had done extremely well in practice, too, but for some reason Smith had not elected to try him. Prejudice, perhaps.

Charley was sensational at third. In his first inning of major league play he accepted two chances. One was a screaming hot liner which he caught for an out. In the other he assisted in a double play.

In the next inning, Smith had to shift him to the outfield. There Charley distinguished himself again by hauling down a ball that seemed certain to be a hit and in one motion flinging it to the plate to cut off a runner from third. It seemed to Smith that no finer throwing arm had ever been seen in the major leagues.

Charley came to bat in the next inning, after three of his mates, now inspired, had loaded the bases. He hit the first pitch for what looked like a sure inside-the-park home run but as his teammates ran home Charley just stood there leaning on his bat. The ball was fielded to first. Charley was out without even trying, and Smith came charging out of the dugout, as the saying goes.

"Why," he demanded, "didn't you run?"

Charley looked at him coldly. "If I could run" he said, "I wouldn't be fooling around with baseball. I'd be up at Aqueduct hauling Eddie Arcaro around the track."

THE SENATORS' SENATOR

A MASSIVE heart attack is not only a shattering, but intensely disconcerting experience, for the man who survives one must begin adopting new concepts of living almost instantly. It is pleasant to report that Lyndon Johnson of Texas, the Senate majority leader, has made the transition with little



apparent strain—in part, at least, simply by applying his zest for conflict and his fascination with detail to the processes of recovery. By keeping a minute, daily record of his diet, for instance (he staples each report of calorie consumption into a file folder), he has reduced his waistline from 44 to 37 inches. Lyndon Johnson has also discovered a new and relaxing delight: baseball.

Though he is now up and around—in fact, he has been permitted to take a trip home to Texas—the Senator still spends a great deal of time in a big air-conditioned bedroom on the second floor of his white colonial home when

he is in Washington. The magnets which hold him there are 1) a television set with a 24-inch screen and 2) a comfortable lounge chair set before it. He has seen virtually every televised home game played by the Washington Senators since he suffered his near-fatal attack last July. He even watches them play the Boston Red Sox—a trying, if delightful, experience for him—since he roots for both clubs.

The Senator's original interest in baseball, in fact, began when Texan Michael (Pinky) Higgins became manager at Boston. "I'd never been much of a sports fan," he says. "I never felt I had the time for it. But Pinky's brother Ox was one of my closest friends. I used to go to football games with him. And one day early this summer, when Boston was playing here, I dropped by to say hello to Pinky."

From this pale beginning the Senator, in the last two months, has flowered into a dedicated baseball fan. When SI printed an article about Higgins recently, the Senator had it reprinted in the *Congressional Record*. Simultaneously, to keep his loyalties from growing lopsided, he laid plans to honor another Texan, Washington's second baseman, Pete Runnels. "I'm going to give him a luncheon up on the

continued on next page



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Hill next year," he said. "It'll be a big affair." Meanwhile, to keep from unnecessarily missing a single pitch he bought a vest pocket radio set with an earplug—a device which allows him, or so he asserts, to listen to his wife and to baseball broadcasts at the same time.

Senator Johnson, who will undergo a series of rigid checks this winter at the Mayo Clinic, firmly believes he will be able to go on serving in the Senate for many years. But he does not intend to abandon baseball. "If I had gone to ball games instead of working nights," he says, "I might not have had the attack at all. And when I leave the Senate I think I'd like to get hold of Pinky and Runnels and maybe buy a hall club in Texas. We could stay there and run the team until we were old men."

TREND

BOXING'S UNDERCOVER MEN, who once made Pennsylvania their very own when it came to fixing fights, shrugged it off when Governor George M. Leader put his boxing reforms bill to the legislature a few weeks ago (81, July 25). There were, they implied, 47 other states. The International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) was not so bland about it, however, and for a while made noises to the effect that the IBC might boycott Pennsylvania.

The legislature passed the bill though, and now the Council of State Governments has started a project which may leave the shady characters no place to hide and give the IBC no preference among the states so far as laws are concerned. The Council, set up and paid for by the states, has as one of its functions the preparation of model legislation on problems of common interest among the states. On the heels of Governor Leader's action it has appointed a three-man committee to prepare a boxing bill to be presented to the various legislatures. Chances are the bill will be patterned after the Pennsylvania law, whose provisions include compulsory fingerprinting, state police enforcement and the right of the boxing commission to suspend licenses instantaneously, even just before a fight.

HOT RODDER

THE IDEAL METHOD of meeting Jim Lindsey of Bell, Calif.—at least the method best calculated to arouse a sense of incredulity and thus to dramatize Jim's particular message to the

world—is to watch him climb out of his homemade automobile. The process itself is fascinating, for Jim's machine has an engine fore and an engine aft and a hole in the center from which his head protrudes not unlike that of a man in a steam cabinet. Jim looks as though he probably shouldn't have wedged himself into the contraption in the first place; he is 38 years old and his hair is graying. He is an electrician, has three children, is slightly overweight and likes to be in bed by 11.

But for all of this Jim is a dedicated hot rodder—a member of the exclusive 200 Miles Per Hour Club which had only 15 members when the trials began, and admitted three more by the time they were over. Furthermore, he is not—as most of his fellow citizens instantly conclude on seeing him—unusual at all in age, weight or temperament. Most of the 250 hot rodders who have been howling across Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats in the seventh annual national speed trials were over 30, and one driver admitted to 52. "People," says Jim Lindsey, "don't understand what hot rodding is all about."

"We're sportsmen and competitors. Hot rodders are all sorts: mechanics, service station operators, carpenters, doctors, magazine publishers. We spend a year and from \$1,000 to \$10,000 working on a car that suits our

special fancy. We tinker. We put a piece of a Chrysler, a piece of a Mercury, a piece of a Ford and several pieces of junk together and somehow wind up with a hot rod. Sometimes we do things the car manufacturers say can't be done and they come around and ask us how we do it. We'd rather spend our vacations here on the salt flats than in Bermuda or fishing or playing golf, just because to us there's something about a car—something about an engine. We'd rather work a year, spend all our spare cash, travel 1,000, 2,000, even 3,000 miles to race against the clock for a minute and 35 seconds.

"I think that a fellow who does that must have something pretty important in mind. If a kid is a hot rodder let him go to it. That way he's got something in mind that he's going to do tomorrow. The result is his and his alone. No one can say this isn't a sport. We come up here to win but if our chief rival has a breakdown, hell, we'll give him the parts he needs, even help him with repairs. I can't say what hot rodding all adds up to, but it seems to me that when you get 250 men, all with different backgrounds and different financial status, who live in different parts of the country, yet are all alike in creating something that'll streak across these flats, you've got more than just a society for the preservation of a neighborhood nuisance."

SPECTACLE

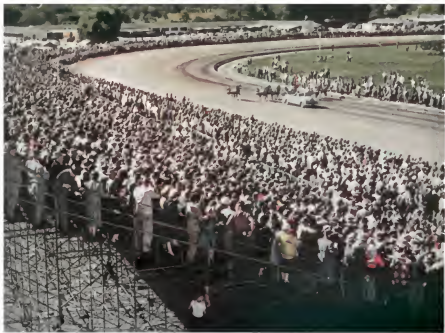
'OFF AND PACING'

Harness racing fans rouse to that cry each September as

Little Brown Jug Day arrives at the Delaware, Ohio Fair

In the crowd on the opposite page are some of the keenest followers of horse racing in the world, but ask them their views on Nashua or Swaps or any other thoroughbred and you may draw a blank expression. They are harness-horse fans, a breed whose numbers grow each year as the sport of sulky racing wins increasing acceptance around the country, and they are gathered here at the Delaware, Ohio County Fairgrounds for the climactic event of the pacing year—the Little Brown Jug classic for 3-year-old standardbreds. Like the Hambletonian, the comparable event for 3-year-old trotters which annually packs the little town of Goshen, N.Y., the Little Brown Jug draws entries and spectators to little Delaware from as far away as the East and West coasts. The winner's prizes: the 3-year-old championship, a purse of \$67,000, and a pottery jug for the mantelpiece. For prospects in next week's race, see page 17.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFMAN



Neck-criming, stand-up crowd of 42,000 follows pacers' approach to starting line (above) for first race in Jug Day card. Closeup (below) shows how mobile, collapsing gntn brings horses to the line in post position and no gnt





Rhythmic grace of pacers is epitomized by Noah Hanover (No. 8) as Driver Joe O'Brien, winner



of 1955 Hambletonian, urges colt on from spread-eagle perch on bouncy, bike-wheeled sulky



With nostrils distended and heads straining against taut reins, horses try for brush speed as close-packed field powers through turn and straightens out for stretch drive

TIP: WATCH FOR QUICK CHIEF

He is the pacer to beat for the Little Brown Jug next week if his peculiar style doesn't tire him too early

by JEREMIAH TAX

DELAWARE COUNTY, Ohio is honest farm country and its annual four-day fair offers the usual quilting bees, sheepbearing competitions and displays of homemade jam. But the lure that will bring some 35,000 to Delaware next week is the Derby of the pacing world, the Little Brown Jug race that will crown one 3-year-old king of his age and gait.

Next week's tenth renewal of the Jug shapes up as a closely contested race for an odd reason: the one horse who seems well superior to all others is a creature of stubborn, quirky habits. His name is Quick Chief.

He should like the track at Delaware, a half-mile affair that is close to being a circle. For the sight of a long straightaway in front of him seems to depress Quick Chief; he races far better on a half-mile track, with its shorter stretches, than he does on a mile track—exactly the reverse of what is true for most harness horses. But two of the Chief's other peculiarities may well cancel out this advantage. First is his dislike of racing behind other horses. No feasible restraint or outside post position keeps him from coming away from the gate determined to head the field by the first turn or as soon thereafter as possible. Since he has the speed to do it, he accomplishes this with remarkable consistency. Unfortunately, it often takes a lot out of him and thereby compounds the difficulty into which the second quick leads him. This is his refusal, after he hits top speed, to be rated off it and hold back some energy for a final brush to the wire. He tries to go as fast as he can for as long as he can, gradually slowing down and pacing the last quarter slower than the previous three—again, the exact opposite of harness horse form. In dash events this willful behavior has not been much of a handicap to him: this year he has won 10 of his 15 starts, including the rich Cane Futurity. But the Jug is another matter since, like the Hambletonian (harness racing's equivalent race for trotters), it is run off in heats. To win, a horse may have to go four separate miles, with only about an hour's rest between each, and a colt that refuses to be rated may have little left for that final, payoff dash. (The Jug winner must be first in two heats. If a different horse wins each of the first three, the winners are brought back for a fourth deciding mile.)

Quick Chief's trainer and driver, Billy Haughton, will have all this in mind as the field is led to the starting line



HAUGHTON DRIVES QUICK CHIEF TO CANE FUTURITY VICTORY

by the mobile gate. Haughton, a husky 31-year-old with a sandy crew cut, quick smile and quiet manner that belies his daring in the sulky, has worked hard on the Chief's stubborn ways to no avail. And if anyone could change them, it is Haughton who, in seven busy years in big-time racing, has proved his skill convincingly. Since 1949 horses he has trained and driven have won more than \$2 million; for the past three years he has been the sport's leading money-winning driver; for the past two, he has been the leading dash winner. Billy's chances of taking home the winner's share of the purse would seem to depend on his bringing Quick Chief in the winner of the first two heats. If he doesn't, the colt may have lost enough of his speed for any one of several horses to catch him.

The Chief's closest rival this year, though beaten by him seven out of the 11 times they have met, is Libby's Boy, who would have been a second choice in the race. However, Libby's Boy is a converted trotter and ineligible for the Jug. If it is not Quick Chief, therefore, the winner is literally anybody's guess, with Meadow Ace, a son of the great Adios, possibly shading the rest of the field. For those who pick horse-race winners by their names, one entry—Acres of Diamonds—is surely the standout.

Although the Jug is a fairly new race in the sport's 150-year history, it assumes increasing importance each time it is run. The reason for this is that it is far easier to develop a pacing colt than a trotter: instead of spending long hours conditioning a colt to stay on the trotting gait as he stretches out his speed, a trainer merely puts hobbles on the colt and makes him a pacer. The hobbles, which are leather straps encircling the horse's legs on each side, tend to keep him on gait, lessening his chances of breaking stride and thereby being virtually eliminated from contention in a race. The result has been that many more pacers than trotters come to the races each year. In 1947 the numbers were practically equal; last year there were 50% more pacers than trotters. And the significance of the Jug has grown proportionately. If the current trend to pacing continues on the country's leading pari-mutuel tracks, it is entirely possible that the Little Brown Jug may one day become the Kentucky Derby of the harness world, rather than sharing that distinction, as at present, with the Hambletonian.

(END)

'HOW'S

by EZRA BOWEN
and MARTIN KANE

THE GOOD BOXER VS. THE GOOD SLUGGER

Archie Moore is unmarked (except for an abdominal scar, the result of surgery for ulcers) after a score of years in the prize ring, during which he has fought the best of those who were willing to meet him. His features are a sign of his extraordinary ability to defend himself and of his particular care not, if he can help it, to get hit about the head. Moore started as a defensive fighter but learned early that boxing fans do not admire this breed. Before long he was developing his natural punching ability. One of the key points in Moore's defense is the curious horizontal position of his arms in the picture above. If events require, he can shift them instantly to the more common vertical position (glove alongside each jaw) and does so with bewildering speed. As

Rocky Marciano has observed, "He's all gloves, arms and elbows." On the other hand, Marciano does not greatly respect a defense which depends on the arms alone. He has repeatedly delivered such punishing blows to opponents' arms that after a few rounds they have been so numb as to be all but unusable. Roland La Starza emerged from a Marciano bout with broken blood vessels in his arm. The drawing shows Marciano missing with his famous Susie Q right, a common occurrence, although when it lands, even in the looping overhands Marciano throws, it can be devastating. Moore does not believe the champion can penetrate his defense with this punch, or any other good right. Archie has considerable respect, however, for Marciano's left hook.

FIGHT FACTS

EVENT: World Heavyweight Championship fight between Champion Rocky Marciano and Challenger Archie Moore 15 rounds. Marciano's sixth title defense

DATE: Tuesday, September 26

TIME: 10:30 p.m., Eastern Daylight Time

PLACE: Yankee Stadium, New York City

PRICES: \$40 (ringside), \$30, \$20, \$10

TELEVISION: Theatre Network Television to 124 theaters in 90 cities. Average price \$3.50. Bill Corum, announcer. No home TV

RADIO: ABC—10:30 p.m. Russ Hodges and Steve Ellis, announcers. Prefight program at 10:15 to 10:25, with five minutes of news before the fight

MARCIANO GONNA HIT ME?

Challenger Moore tells in his own words—and Artist Robert Riger's drawings show—how Moore expects to win the world's heavyweight championship from Rocky Marciano in next Tuesday night's big fight

WHEN I GO in there I never worry about what he's gonna do. I know what he's gonna do.

"I'm a stylist. I can cope with any situation.

"Nobody's been stronger than me in there. The fella might be bigger, heavier. But he ain't any stronger."

This training camp confidence of Archie Moore, challenger, has been a glove flicked in the face of history, an outrageous insolence. It is against the odds and the gods that Archie Moore can win the world heavyweight championship. For if he should beat Champion Rocky Marciano at Yankee Stadium on the night of Sept. 20 Moore will be the first light-heavyweight champion ever to rise above his station and, even at his official and suspect age of 38, the oldest fighter ever to win the title. He will, furthermore, have defeated one of the roughest barroom brawlers the game has recently seen, a man who never has been defeated as a professional (Coley Wallace beat Marciano in amateur days), has been knocked down only once and has won 42 of his 48 bouts by knockouts.

(There are weaknesses in the structure of the argument for Marciano though. Most of his brief record was made against unknowns in the way stations of New England fight clubs. He is, in fact, compounded of all that makes a club fighter—heedless of defense, a hard-charging, free-swinging mass of aggression. The name fighters Marciano defeated—Joe Louis, Joe Walcott, Ezzard Charles—were over the hill by the time Rocky got to them. And he was astonishingly unable to deliver a finishing blow to the inept, helpless Don Cockell last May, though Rocky threw his best outlay punches without fear of retaliation. The referee, not Marciano, stopped that fight. Cockell was on his feet at the end.)

Moore's confidence, endemic to his Berkshire Hills camp, is based less on an underestimation of Marciano than on a sure self-knowledge that Archie Moore is one of the all-time great boxers of his weight, a master strategist, a superb tactician, a brilliant technician, a sturdy, scientific puncher. Archie will tell you he is any and all of these. To a surprising extent he is.

He knows all the punches and throws them hard and beautifully in a style which, while classic, he has modified to his own taste. He sets up the opposing fighter to receive what Archie wants to give him. He tricks him into throwing punches Archie wants to counter. He advances according to plan, retreats only to previously prepared positions. But he has been beaten and hence he can be beaten. Ezzard Charles did it three times when Charles was at his peak. Harold Johnson—recently fed a poisoned orange in Philadelphia (SI, May 30)—beat Moore and so did Henry Hall, Leonard Morrow, Holman Williams and Jimmy Blvin, among others. Moore beat them all but Charles in return bouts and in any case, his friends say, Archie sometimes fought on a wholly inadequate diet. Now he is hungry in another sense. He eats well, especially since his Bobo

Olson payday, but Archie's appetite for the heavyweight championship is enormous. How will he get it? By using, he says, all he has learned in 20 years of fighting the world over, from Tasmania to Toledo. He is convinced he can hit Marciano almost at will, that Marciano cannot hit him.

Moore on heavyweights:

"You're fightin' heavyweights, don't forget you're hittin' a stationary target. The fellas I fought, you can't hardly hit 'em. Some of 'em you can't hardly hit with a handful of rice—fellas like Holman Williams, like the Cocoa Kid—less you plan your punches.

"Fight heavyweights, I don't have any trouble hittin' 'em. Take Bob Baker. They say he was to be one of the best young heavyweights—boxin' style. Time I got through with him he was a bloated bloody mess. I didn't have no trouble hittin' Nino Valdes and I weighed 196 then. Marciano isn't goin' to be any trouble for me. . . . Course, all the time you got to exercise a certain amount of caution you're in there with a puncher like that."

Moore on the moxly art:

"There are things I just know now. They're part of me. You'd be amazed the number of champions don't know the fundamentals of boxing. I mean the ABCs of boxing. Don't print that I said they're stupid, you understand. But there's champions don't even know the fundamentals. It's a no wonder so many of 'em can't fight when they don't know how to move. Can't stand, can't even stand up in the ring, can't even walk around.

"Take the hook, jab, uppercut, cross. They're the basic punches. Everything else come out of that.

"The left cross, it's a different punch. Not many of them throw it. They don't know it exists. Anybody tell you they no such thing as a left cross, you tell them they're a liar. Why isn't there such a thing as a left cross? There's a right cross, and you got two hands. Anything you do with your right hand you can do with your left hand. It's a good punch, say you're trapped in a corner. Like this."

Moore leaned back against his cottage's screen-door jamb and let his head fall, his eyes going down past his left hand, which was lying flat along the left center of his chest, palm in, the left forearm slanting down along the chest. He carried his right arm crooked and low. He shot the left hand, fingers open and extended, diagonally up across his chest and straight out, past and ahead of the right shoulder.

"Anybody can throw a shot-put can make a cross. Same motion."

"You mean you kind of push it?"

"No, it's not a push. It's a snap. You got to snap."

Moore believes the left jab is the fighter's best punch.

"What I mean, from the jab you set up everything else. Just suppose I was fightin' Marciano. Just suppose I was fightin' him and I was a little bit afraid of what he might

continued on next page



THE UPPERCUT

The uppercut, to Moore, is essentially defensive. It is the only punch in which the arm is turned palm upward and the right uppercut is the only one in which the weight rests on the right foot. It is struck when the weight is well back, as in retreating.



THE LEFT HOOK

The hook's force is like that of a heavy ball swinging on the end of a rope. The left foot pivots, the hips start the power, shoulder rotation continues the power. The final snap, the blow's authority, comes from a sudden upward tipping of the elbow.

SUBJECT: ARCHIE MOORE

continued from page 19

do to me. I'd use that jab—stiff jabs. I mean he might want to throw punches in over my jab, but I don't believe he can do it. One thing, my arms longer than his. Then my jab is so hard and fast that his head would be goin' back, back, back, back. What I mean, besides while I was pilin' up points the jab can be a very damaging weapon, a very cutting weapon.

"You can use the jab to set a man up for what you want to do. You don't just move the head where you want it. You knock it. You knock it where you want it."

Does the jab's power come from a push off the right foot?

"No, left foot. Left foot. Left foot and the shoulder."

(Archie meant that by taking a quick short step with the left foot he builds up the weight momentum he needs to give the jab real power, adds more bulk momentum by quickly

extending the left shoulder forward.)

"The left foot is the key to balance. In boxing the left foot is the key. The right foot is the rudder."

Moore regards the jab as both a defensive and offensive weapon.

"Some people carry their hands high. Me, I carry my hands low but I get that jab up there, and with force all the same."

Could the jab be used in the same corner defensive situation as the left cross?

"No, the position back there isn't a good one for jabs. I mean you're movin'. Your main thought, your main thinkin' is escape. Of course, you might could use a couple of good jabs to help you out of there and start again. But once you's out you got to start all over again. Left cross is a good punch there because you use it at a time when it isn't hardly possible to throw a punch.

"Position is everything. In boxin'

position is everything—how you have your body set."

Moore said he never, "but *errrr*" throws a punch unless everything is right for the punch—unless his legs and hands are where he wants them and his body balance is correct.

He demonstrated the importance of body balance by having the SI man stand up.

"What make you think you're on balance? You on balance?" He pushed gently with two fingers and the SI man sat down.

Then Moore stood in the fighter's "natural position"—left foot forward and in a slight crouch.

The SI man pushed him hard but nothing happened. The SI man tried the "natural position." Moore pushed and again nothing happened.

Moore has the rare ability to start the jab and then, using the same body momentum, crook the arm and convert the jab into a good left hook. It is done in one motion. He calls this "hooking off a jab." Tony Zale was a master at



THE RIGHT CROSS

The motion of the cross is like that of the shot-put but Moore is a straight puncher and his cross does not move leftward across the body quite so much as most. Power starts with a push off the right foot, continues up through hip, shoulder and elbow.



THE LEFT JAB

The jab is boxing's best punch, Moore says. His jab starts low because he carries his arms low. A sudden straightening of the arm to almost full length, it begins with a short forward step of the left foot, which must be flat on the canvas when the jab lands.

it and Moore regards himself as tops at it too. Joe Louis, he says, never did it.

"Louis would go jab, jab, drop his arms. Jab, jab, drop his arms. Then, if he wanted to make a hook, he'd do it all by itself, real quick. Wasn't the same thing."

The "hook off the jab" and the "left cross" are two Moore trade-marks which set him off from most fighters.

Moore on escapology:

"I try to build a bridge. With each punch I try to build a bridge so I can escape over it if something goes wrong. That's what you call escapology. That's what I call escapology."

(Sparring with Clint (Tiger) Bacon, a journeyman light heavyweight, Moore showed the escape bridge he uses when he misses with a left hook. It is merely the economical device of having the hooking arm ready to block any possible counter.)

"Even when I'm escapin' I'm tryin' to think of how to get myself back in position. I try never to be off balance. Like if he throws a left hook at me I

pick it off with my right hand, use that same hand in that same position to throw a punch. You know how many of 'em can do that? You know how many? One. Me. Ray Robinson never saw the day he could do that. I don't fight like nobody else who ever lived."

(On second thought, going by what he has read and old-timers have told him, Moore thinks maybe he fights a good deal like Joe Gans.)

Moore on the uppercut:

"The uppercut is a defensive weapon. It's a defensive weapon, the only punch that is. Use it like if a man has you trapped against the ropes and rainin' punches on you from all angles, if you use the uppercut, even if you throw it blind, you put enough force behind it you're liable to knock the man out."

Doesn't Marciano use the uppercut as an offensive weapon?

"Yeah. That's why he misses so much. You ever see him miss? He jumps almost off the floor. Saddler, Saddler uses the right uppercut, left uppercut as a cutting weapon. An of-

fensive weapon, but a cutting weapon."

(Moore thinks of "cutting" a good deal. He may have in mind Marciano's reputation as a "bleeder" and especially the champion's nose, slit in the second Charles fight. Don Cockell did not test the nose but Moore, a marvelous jabber, almost certainly will.)

Moore on combinations:

"I would say a combination was a succession of successes. You don't throw 'em unless you got your man hurt. 'Less you've first lured him out of position and hurt him, then you go to work with your combinations."

"Simplest one is a 1-2. Left and right to the head."

"I won't tell you the numbers to my combinations. Those are my secrets."

Moore's system of cataloging the combinations he uses is all his own. He has a number for each punch in a series but the same punch delivered twice in a row in a combination will, by Archie's mystical method, have a different number on its second delivery. He was asked,

continued on page 40



HARDMAN CURETON, BULWARK OF UCLA LINE

FOOTBALL IN THE FAR WEST

In the first of five regional reports, SI's expert scouts the Coast and Mountain conferences and rates UCLA the best

by HERMAN HICKMAN

PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

UCLA. Eligible for the Rose Bowl this year, UCLA should win the PCC title and get there on its own merits. The UCLA backfield is the best on the Coast. The only weak spot, tailback, has four candidates, any one of whom could make a good team. Doug Bradley, the likely starter, began at tailback last season but was henten out later by Primo Villanueva. Ronnie Knox, the *casse d'écure*, has been a disappointment on offense but surprisingly good on defense. He could catch fire. In returning All-America Bob Davenport, UCLA has the best fullback in the country and just behind him is substitute Doug Peters. Jim Decker is probably the best wingback Red Sanders ever had.

If real trouble develops for Sanders it will be in the line, grievously depleted by graduation. Sanders has paired ex-Guard Hardman Cureton with Gil Moreno at tackle, insuring himself excellent protection there, and he has converted Don Shinnick, the No. 3 fullback, to guard, a move that might be his best. Sanders believes Shinnick

will develop into the UCLA's greatest guard. My guess is that the line situation will improve immensely with the season.

Southern California. This may be a Trojan year. There are 23 lettermen returning from last season's Rose Bowl squad. In Jon Arnett at left half, Southern Cal has the most unsung and underrated player in the country. Another good sign is that star quarterback southpaw Jim Contratto is being pushed by Ellsworth Kissinger and Frank Hall. Marvin Goux is probably out for the season with a back injury, but the line is bruising. No one could ask for a better pair of guards than Orlando Ferrante and George Galli. Leon Clarke, a tenacious 6-foot 4-inch, 215-pounder, heads an impressive corps of offensively minded ends.

Stanford. Word is out that Coach Chuck Taylor has the best sophomores on the Coast this fall, and with 22 lettermen returning the Indians might surprise. If UCLA's forward wall fails to jell, Stanford is the most likely Rose Bowl representative. Outstanding are Fullback Bill Tarr and End Bill

continued on page 27

A MAN can cover a lot of territory chasing down the crop of football teams maturing in the vast stretches between the Rocky Mountain slopes and the placid waters of the Pacific, but if he's looking for power he need go no farther than Los Angeles County. The USC Trojans and their cross-town brethren at UCLA are no loaded with talent and brawn it will be an upset of Merriwellian proportions if any of the Pacific Coast Conference members or independents successfully challenges them. The one question—how do the West's best rate nationally?—will be at least partially answered next week when UCLA meets mighty Maryland (*toppled*), definitely one of the best in the country, at College Park.

On the Pacific Coast the only real opposition either southern California school might encounter should come from Stanford. There are a few untested young braves up at Palo Alto who could just conceivably throw the high and mighty's camps into an uproar with a couple of reckless raiding parties. Two independents, College of the Pacific and San Jose State, are the other sturdy contenders.

But that is about it. The terrible Bear of California, whose mere growl from the lair of Berkeley used to send the boys scurrying, is an unstaffed hide of his oldtime self. Resistance from the northern half of the Pacific Coast Conference, with Washington in the lead, will be sporadic and not very effective. Utah looks to be the best of the Skyline Conference. However, neither the Skyline nor its weaker relation, the Rocky Mountain Conference, is in a class with the Coast schools. The material runs thinner in the high altitudes.

A RED-CLAD TEST FOR WEST COAST POWER

The sturdy and capable-looking young men on the opposite page have a special meaning for tough-talking Henry R. (Red) Sanders, coach of UCLA's highly ranked Bruins. They are the starting backfield of the University of Maryland, which on Sept. 24 meets UCLA in the first big inter-sectional clash of the year. On the outcome of the game might well hang the national reputations not only of the schools but of East and West football. Was the situation serious? Last week Sanders, whose own team is pictured on the following pages, addressed his squad. "I've just been told," he said, "that the AP voted you the top team in the country." He turned contemptuously for the showers. Not a man dared laugh.



MARYLAND BACKFIELD from left: Frank Tamburello, quarterback; Tom Selep, fullback; Howie Dase, right halfback; Ed Vereb, left halfback. This quartet was second-string on Coach Jim Tatum's 1934 Terrapins, although Tamburello started a few

games after midseason. They own the ingredients for split-T success—fast-breaking halfbacks, a powerful fullback. All eyes are on Tamburello's passing hand (here concealed in his helmet) which he broke at lacrosse last spring but says feels fine now.

MARYLAND LINE: Jim Parsons, end; Mike Sandusky, tackle; Ron Athey, guard; Bob Pellegrini, center; Gene Dyson, guard; Al Wharton, tackle; Russell Dennis, end. Major strength is at center where Pellegrini, a big 16 foot 3 inch, 225 pound, converted guard, is a likely All-America candidate. There is plenty of talent and depth everywhere except guard.





UCLA LINE: Rommie Loudd, end; Gil Moreno, tackle; Jim Brown, guard; Steve Palmer, center; Hardiman Carrington, guard; Roger White, tackle; John Smith, end. In Red Sanders' coaching the line is the thing, and the undefeated 1954 line lost three main pillars. But veterans Carrington (an All-America candidate), Loudd and Moreno are the prospective remedies for the loss.



UCLA BACKFIELD (from left): Jim Decker, right halfback; Bob Bergdahl, quarterback; Bob Davenport, fullback; Doug Bradley, left halfback and tailback. With the exception of Davenport, possibly the greatest fullback in UCLA history, this

backfield is pretty green. The big line will spring it loose if it masters the hall-like precision of Sanders' plays. Unpictured is Ronnie Knox, the dream boy who is being schooled for tailback and whose spring training reports were optimistic despite injury.

WEST COAST FOOTBALL

continued from page 22

Stewart who lead the nation in yards from pass receptions with 577.

California. A hard year, I fear, for Coach Pappy Waldorf. No team could lose such men as Paul Larson at quarterback, Jim Hanifan at end and Matt Hazeltine at center and not be weaker. To complicate matters the freshman squad was only mediocre. Oklahoma and Ohio State are missing from the schedule this year but Pittsburgh could be murder. Sleep well, Pappy.

Washington. The Huskies won only two and lost eight last year, but I figure they can't have as many bad breaks again. There are 25 lettermen returning. Sandy Lederman, an excellent passer, is back again. He is backed up by fictitious-sounding Credell (the Incredible) Green, a real runner who transferred from West Contra Costa Junior College. Other junior college transfers are supposed to help.

Washington State. This is the team generally rated highest in the North. Twenty-one lettermen, including 10 starters, are the basis for the enthusiasm. The veteran line is lead by 220-pound Tom Gunnari, an offensive guard and defensive tackle. The backfield, though spearheaded by 210-pound fullback Bob Miller, is not of championship caliber.

Oregon State. Tommy Prothro strikes out for himself at Oregon State this year. He is installing the Tennessee-UCLA version of the balanced-line single wing, but with a squad which won only its opening game in 1954 it will be a mistake to expect very much.

Oregon. Coach Len Casanova suffered the heaviest losses of any squad on the Coast. I may have his team rated too low but with George Shaw, one of the really great T quarterbacks, gone and only three lettermen returning, the squad is certainly thin.

Idaho. The Vandals' unexpected 10-0 victory over Washington State last year, first since 1925, and the current squad's high morale bode the fair-to-middling material.

INDEPENDENTS

College of the Pacific. With only five lettermen lost, COP should field another excellent team. They will tell you there is not a better lineman in the country than Tackle John Nisby.

San Jose State. State beat Stanford last year and should be much stronger. The sensational fullback, Joe Ulin, out with injuries last year, is back. As a sophomore in 1953 he scored 11 touch-

downs in the first four games before being declared ineligible.

Whitworth College. The school was undefeated in 1954 and has 20 lettermen returning and should lead the strong Evergreen Conference again.

SKYLINE CONFERENCE

Utah. The Redskins suffered their worst season since 1950 last year. I'm picking them to regain the perch usurped by Denver's speedy bucks in 1954. Cactus Jack Curtice has a carload of brilliant sophomores up from a fine freshmen eleven.

Wyoming. Coach Phil Dicken's Cowboys were the only team to defeat champion Denver last fall. There are 21 lettermen returning from that squad, including all-conference Captain Ray Latterman at tackle; 'Bugs' Carter, all-conference end; and Joe Matrogiovanni, the all-conference quarterback who homes in Brooklyn.

Denver. The departure of Coach Bob Blackman for Dartmouth and the graduation of the top six backs on last year's championship squad about do the mile-high boys in for this year. **Colorado A&M.** After a weak season in 1954 the Aggies should be much improved. Chief threat is Quarterback Gary Glick, who last year led the nation in pass interceptions, placed fifth nationally in total offense.

New Mexico. A good backfield with the possibility of a fine passing attack may make the Lobos the giant killers in the loop.

Utah State. A new coaching staff and the loss of last year's line are too much of a load this year.

Montana and Brigham Young. It looks like a race for the security of the storm cellar again.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN CONFERENCE

Western State was awarded the championship in 1954 after conference officials discovered an ineligible player on **Montana State**. Again, it looks like the same top teams, with MSC, loser of only its final game last year, enjoying an edge. But it will be close. Western State has virtually the same team intact that finished last season with a fine 9-1 record.

If neither should fall, a not-unlikely thought since injuries can easily throw any of the conference's talent-rich teams out of balance, the probable candidates to fill in the breach are **Idaho State** and tough **Colorado Mines**.

Colorado State has been building and most likely will oust **Colorado College** from fifth spot.

(END)

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

for

GAMES OF SATURDAY, SEPT. 17

• **Georgia Tech vs. Miami (Fla.).** The Hurricanes have the running, the Yellow Jackets the passing. Traditionally tough in Atlanta, **GEORGIA TECH**

• **Georgia vs. Mississippi.** Initial impulse said Georgia but the size and speed of the Rebels convinced me. **OL' MISS**

• **Pittsburgh vs. California.** John Michelson makes his debut as Pitt coach against graduation-riddled Cal. A new coach with veterans versus a veteran coach with new players. **PITTSBURGH**

• **USC vs. Washington State.** Traine in hundred-plus temperatures, the mar from Troy have that lean and hungry look. Such men are dangerous. **USC**

• **UCLA vs. Texas A&M.** The UCLA better not dream too much of the Maryland game or they might be rudely awakened by the Aggies. Still **UCLA**

• **Missouri vs. Maryland.** Tatum! Terps travel to Columbia to pay their respects to Don Faurot, the patron saint of the split T. Comfortably, **MARYLAND**

• **Texas vs. Texas Tech.** The Red Raiders from Lubbock are loaded but Texas after a disappointing season, is hungry and the game is in Austin. **TEXAS**

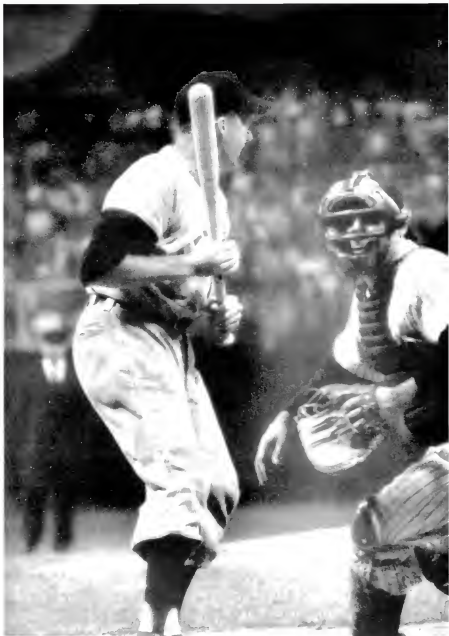
• **Florida vs. Mississippi State.** Stat this season would be a fit foe for any body but Florida is much improved. I a real close one, **FLORIDA**.

• **LSU vs. Kentucky.** The Wildcats' passing combination of Bob Hardy and Bob Schnellenberger should be too much for LSU. . . **KENTUCKY**.

• **Kansas Christian vs. Kansas.** Bleeding Kansas really bled last year. The Horned Frogs from Fort Worth are bigger, faster and more experienced. All this adds up to . . . **TEXAS CHRISTIAN**.

ALSO:

Arkansas over Tulen
Baylor over Hardin-Simmons
Clemson over Presbyterian
Houston over Montana
Wyoming over Kansas State
Nebraska over Hawaii
Rhode Island over Northeastern
Oregon State over Brigham Young
Richmond over Randolph-Macon
South Carolina over Wofford
Stanford over College of the Pacific
Utah over Oregon
Tulane over VMI
Virginia Tech over Wake Forest
Washington over Idaho





THE WONDERFUL
WORLD OF SPORT

**WAS IT
THE
PENNANT?**

Kiner slid his hand up the bat and jumped back from the plate. The umpire lifted his left leg and turned to get out of the way. Berra whirled and caught the ghastly sight through the bars of his mask. "Is this the end?" he might have asked. "Is this the pennant?" Whitey Ford's wild pitch crashed into the grandstand wall and Cleveland's winning run scored, leaving the Yankees mired in second place. (See **BASEBALL**, page 44)

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK KAUFFMAN

SAILING QUEEN AND HER COURT

The biggest prize in women's sailing, the Mrs. Charles Francis Adams cup, symbol of North American supremacy, went to the finest skipper, four-foot 11-inch Toni Monetti, the 18-year-old pride of Long Island's Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, a consistent winner of sailing titles since she was only 13

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MORRIS ROSENFELD

TROPHY PRESENTATION to Winner Monetti is made by Mrs. Henry S. Morgan, wife of president of North American Yacht Racing Union, daughter of cup donor, Mrs. Charles Francis Adams. With Toni, crew members Drake, Mary, Thomson, Walker.





COMPETING CREWS from all over the U.S. gather for an informal group portrait after three days of sailing International 210s at the American Yacht Club in Rye, N.Y. The lady sailors are: (*front row, left to right*) Mrs. William Bents of the Fort Worth (Tex.) Boat Club, Mrs. Robert Hill of the Fort Worth BC, Miss Chrissie Drake of the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, Skipper Monetti, Miss Jane Hurdell of the Newport Harbor (Calif.) Yacht Club, Miss Mary Jane Ellis, skipper of the Eastern Point (Mass.) Yacht Club team, Mrs. Connie Pilling, skipper of the Mantoloking (N.J.) Yacht Club team and Miss Pat O'Malley of the Mantoloking YC; (*second row*) Mrs. Earl Collings of the Fort Worth BC, Miss Dianne McFarland of the Fort Worth BC, Miss Zandra Walker of the Manhasset Bay YC, Miss Jill Thomson of the Manhasset Bay YC, Miss

Ruth Haskell, skipper of the Newport Harbor YC team, Mrs. Alice Quick of the Newport Harbor YC, Mrs. Eleanor Brumder Stark of Pine Lake (Wis.) Yacht Club, Miss Carol Galloway, skipper of Pine Lake YC team, and Mrs. Jane Chance of Mantoloking YC; (*back row*) Mrs. Hal Lattimore, skipper of Fort Worth BC team, Mrs. Gordon Gibbs of Beverly (Mass.) Yacht Club, Mrs. William Saltonstall, skipper of Beverly YC team, Mrs. Cortland Converse of the Beverly YC, Miss Frances Macy of Manhasset Bay YC, Mrs. Marjorie Morris of Newport Harbor YC (substitute from American YC), Mrs. Nancy Cooke of Eastern Point YC, Miss Marion Childs, Eastern Point YC, Mrs. Harriet Holdsworth of Eastern Point YC, Mrs. Ruth Reeb of Mantoloking YC, Miss Beachy Brumder of Pine Lake YC and Mrs. Maynard Meyer of Pine Lake YC.

DOUBLE-DECK DRIVING

Under a battery of floodlights, golfers of all ages and skills make self-improvement a family affair as they drive off from the huge double-decked Darien (Conn.) Golf Range. To meet booming business, Owner Pete Zangrillo buys 12,000 balls a year and employs six boys to retrieve the 11,200 balls whacked daily by 200 customers.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANS KNOFF







JON TARANTINO OF SAN FRANCISCO



BOB ZENG OF MILWAUKEE



CLARENCE ANTHES OF WAUKESHA, WIS.

CASTING CONTEST

The national fly and bait casting championships at St. Louis attracted 278 anglers from the U.S., Canada and Mexico, but instead of fish the targets were rings on the water to test accuracy, a ball field for distance efforts. While champions like

Jon Tarantino (*upper left*) who won skish, trout-fly distance and men's all-distance with a 3,334-foot total were crowned, the tournament brought out a wide variety of technique and contortions as exhibited here by five other contestants.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE BARNES

MRL ANN STRODEL OF MINNEAPOLIS



STEVE ALESNI OF KANSAS CITY, MO.



MISS JUDY HVEN OF BIRMINGHAM, ALA.



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The reason could be that the Roblee Lo-Trim isn't at all like your ordinary oxfords. This shoe is almost an inch lower at the top.

That's like opening your shirt collar. Gives you a lot more freedom. But freedom is one thing and support is another. Roblee manages to take care of both these requirements in a pretty clever way. The base of the shoe is made broader at the heel. The sides of the shoe are tapered inward to a narrower oval

opening. That way the shoe goes right along with your step instead of slipping up and down as you walk.

Then again, the reason for all this attentive aid might be that this is a Raglan wing-tip style. The leather is soft flama, the real thing. You can tell that by the lightly traced graining. This wing-tip isn't exactly conventional either - there's a 2-eyelet tie and the perforations are contained across the top of the tongue for a custom touch. But you can see all this for yourself. That's why we took most of your time to tell you about the comfort. Your Roblee dealer has this

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Rugged richness! What stamina, what toughness is hidden beneath wool's luxurious, soft hand! This natural fiber is undiminished by science. It has an amazing resilience, a lively bounce-back that overcomes kinking, sagging. If you want sports clothes that keep their good looks, lustrous after countless . . . make sure you always get pure wool.



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Milwaukee, Wisconsin

TIP FROM THE TOP



Particularly useful for
high-handicap golfers

from **JIM BROWNING**, Weston Golf Club, Weston, Massachusetts

One of the most common swing-wrecking faults of the high-handicap golfer is his tendency to pick the club up at the start of the backswing. The moment he makes that faulty move, the golfer has virtually surrendered all chances of playing a good shot. His hands and his arms are just where they shouldn't be, and they remain hopelessly wrong throughout the remainder of the backswing and the downswing. He usually cannot help chopping at the ball. In his muscular entanglement, it is the only course of action open to him.

The idea, of course, is to *swing* the club back. If you do, the odds are that you will then swing down and through the shot correctly. I have one tip for starting the backswing properly that has worked wonders with my pupils. I instruct them to push their elbows closer together just before they start to take the club back. When you do this, you will find that it is almost impossible to pick the club up. Furthermore, it helps you to take the club back in a smooth sweeping arc. I might add that among the pros—Ben Hogan is perhaps the most obvious exponent—this habit of pushing their elbows toward each other is almost second nature.



Above, the incorrect position:
the elbows floppy at address

Right, the suggested position:
elbows pushed well together



NEXT WEEK: JIM FOGERTY ON WARMING UP TO THE SHOT

In any event

the winner is Pendleton. In fine fabrics, clear colors and casual comfort Pendleton leads the field. And that's because Pendleton buys the choicest Pacific Northwest wool . . . dyes, spins and weaves it into the rich sturdy fabrics for which Pendleton sportswear is so famous.

Illustrated:
Umetile Teases Plaid Shirt, \$12.95
Pendleton Tucson Trousers



Pendleton Weigley Mills Portland, Oregon



THE BOXER'S FIST

Moore has taped his own hands since he broke one because of improper taping. Without protection of fat or muscle, the hand, especially the knuckles, is extremely vulnerable. The rules permit 12 yards of two-inch surgical gauze, eight feet of 1½-inch adhesive tape for each hand. Taping starts at the wrist and can extend only to within one inch of knuckles. It prevents complete closing of the fist, thus prevents damage to finger tendons under impact

of hard blow. Mobility of the wrist, a collection of small bones linked by ligaments (see circle), is a fighter's hazard. Taping firms it. Basic goal of taping: to permit transmission and dispersion of the force of a blow in a straight line from the hand back through the wrist to arm and shoulder, which are well equipped to take it. Blow should be delivered with flat of clenched fist, not knuckles. Hand, wrist and arm must be in straight line, not cocked.

SUBJECT: ARCHIE MOORE

continued from page 21

for instance, the number of the combination that put Bobo Olson away: two rights to the head climaxed by a left hook that turned into an uppercut at the last instant.

"That was a 4-5-9."

Thus he numbered the first right 4 and the second 5.

He was asked to number Zale's favorite combination: a right-left to the body followed immediately by a left to the head. He refused. Even Cheerful Norman, Archie's trainer, does not know Archie's system of cataloguing combinations. To an outsider this may seem to be a secret of no particular importance, but to Archie it is precious.

"You may be in the middle of a combination. You may be goin' to work, all of a sudden you say to yourself, 'Oh-oh. This ain't workin'.' This ain't the right one.' You stop right there, start all over again. Maybe after you throw the first punch of a combination you see it ain't goin' right. You miss. That's where the escapology comes in again. Even while you're throwin' a combination you build your bridges so you can escape over them if things go wrong."

(Lay translation: even though a combination of punches is a unit in itself, every punch within the unit carries with it its own avenue of escape.

If, for example, the second hook in a series is missed or is blocked, the opponent then is likely to be in an offensive position. At best, the offensive balance and rhythm of the combination-thrasher has been upset and to throw the next punch while out of balance or rhythm could be disastrous.)

Moore on rhythm:

"Everything in boxing is rhythm. Look at Joe Walcott. Walcott made the unforgivable error, a man had been in the ring as long as he has. He come out in the first round, he thought Marciano would be burnin' leather. Marciano not such a fast starter. They come out like this [bending and looking up]. Walcott just hit him in the mouth. Hit him in the face [accompanied by the motion of a short left hook. Marciano was knocked down at this point for the first time in his career].

"Walcott, you could see his chest swell five inches. He just turned around and walked away. He turned his back. That's where he lost his man right there.

"Man been in the ring long as Walcott and me, he knows where the ropes is. He knows where the corner is. He don't have to turn around. Walcott turned his back, then went over to the ropes thinkin' he just wait for the man to count him out. He swung around

again. [Moore spread his arms in the posture of a man resting outstretched arms on the top strand of the ring ropes, then jumped to indicate surprise.] Man was on his feet. Marciano didn't take a count. Got right up.

"Walcott should have been backin' up this way. [Moore did a kind of crabwise retreat, dropping the right foot back, then sliding the left foot back, always on balance and eyes always on the imaginary spot where Marciano had fallen.] Backin' up. Backin' up. He should have been countin' the number of steps to his corner and countin' the exact number of steps it would take to get back to the man. And he should have been thinkin' about what punch he was goin' to hit him with when he got up. But he looked, jumped. He lost his rhythm right there. He was out of the rhythm of his fight."

Did he mean that there was both a fast and slow rhythm to a fighter's battle—the fast rhythm of punching and the slow rhythm of the overall battle plan?

"Yeah. He lost his rhythm, lost a half step gettin' back to his man, and that cost him the fight. First punch he threw missed by that much. That extra half step."

He showed with a tiny measurement of left thumb and forefinger the distance by which the punch missed, then measured a half step with his hands and showed that the distance of the half step could have brought the punch

down from a fraction over Marciano's head to the exact area of Rocky's chin.

Moore on self-defense:

"I was a defensive fighter first. That's the first thing I learned. Like they say, boxing is the art of self-defense. So when I started boxing, I was so wrapped up in boxing, in the art of boxing, I learned defense. That's the important thing. That's the thing to learn first. Then, after I been fightin' about a year, I learned how to punch. What I mean, I always could punch. I was a natural puncher, but I learned how to get the most out of those punches. . . .

"I try never to let nobody hit me. Nobody. I try to block all punches. I try to catch 'em with my hand, block, turn my head so they roll off my shoulders. I made it a policy long ago never to take part of a punch. You know it's that can wear down a fighter. You take a little and a little and a little and pretty soon you goin' to wear down. You know a little drop of water can wear a hole in a rock. It can wear away iron or steel. Which I mean, every fighter is goin' to get hit in some part of a fight. Every man goin' to get hit some time in a fight. But I try never, *never*, to get hit in the head.

"Now I'm told the brain control the whole body. Now I don't know, but that's what I'm told the brain is, what I mean the message center for the whole, you know, the whole physical body. Control it. Now I don't know how big the brain is, how much it weigh. I don't know if it's this big or that big. And the head, the head is a box for the brain. The brain is in that. And you know if you keep hittin' that box, hittin' it, the brain is bound to take some shockin'. You keep hittin' it long enough pretty soon it's goin' to make you do some things you don't want to do. It's so delicate in there you get those wires crossed the rest of the body not goin' to do what you want it to do. You see some of those old fighters around that way today

continued on next page



ARCHIE'S SPECIAL PUNCH

The "hook off the jab" looks awkward but is brilliantly effective. Moore's opponents never know whether to defend against a jab or hook because they cannot tell which is coming. This jab-hook starts as a jab, ends as a hook and is delivered from the same body position and starting motion as the jab. All but a few fighters must pull back their hands and reset their feet to follow a jab with a hook. The jab (and the "hook off the jab") is most effective against an aggressive, attacking puncher like Marciano, not so useful against a clever boxer. As Moore says: "A boxer is most often moving away, ducking you; but a puncher is always coming in." He expects Marciano to come in. Jab will keep him off balance, hook will hurt.

SOME MOORE STRATAGEMS

SUBJECT: ARCHIE MOORE

(continued from page 41)



AGAINST A BOXER

Opposing Bobo Olson, in the fight which made certain his shot at the heavyweight title, Moore threw a most un-Moorelike overhand right in the second round. He explains: "I wanted him to start thinkin' that's what I wanted to do. I missed him a mile. I just wanted to get him scared of my right hand. Then I went to work with the left."



AGAINST A SLUGGER

Like Marciano, Bob Satterfield was a swarming, aggressive fighter and dangerous because of his powerful punch. Moore stopped Satterfield in three rounds but only after setting him up for a knockout with a succession of stiff jabs which kept this strong one-punch hitter off balance. Moore is expected to use the jab on Marciano, too.



AGAINST A COUNTERPUNCHER

Ron Richards, Australian champion in the middleweight, light heavyweight and heavyweight brackets when Moore fought him, counterpunched with a dangerous uppercut. With Moore's jabs falling short, he lengthened them by leaning forward, virtually inviting an uppercut. But Moore blocks uppercuts easily and knocked out Richards.



AGAINST A BOXER-COUNTERPUNCHER

A knockout punch may take 14 rounds to set up, as in Moore's title bout with Harold Johnson. "I knew what I wanted and I knew how to get it—a straight right." But Johnson, who had fought Moore before, avoided the right by fractions of an inch. Moore pounded his body, weakening him, and the right finally landed in the 14th.

took that knockin' on the head, they're in a pitiful condition.

"But my standards is so high, I get hit so seldom, when I do it don't make so much."

Moore on Marciano:

(During a filming of the first Charles-Marciano fight.)

"Look at Marciano. Everything's deliberate. Everything's deliberate. See, one punch. Now another. Charles didn't jab the man. Look at that. That's not a jab. It's just a little push. Here, look at that. Twenty seconds and he didn't hit him. That time a man could throw four jabs. Look at that. Ten seconds. Man could have four jabs in that time. Left hook's Marciano's best punch. Marciano's not such a fast starter. Look at that. Amateurs. Look like an amateur fight. Look at that. Charles tryin' to counter. How you goin' to counter that hook? Man got stubby little arms not longer than that..."

(Charles hit Marciano with a good left hook.)

"Look. Look. Look at Rocky backin' up. Rocky's hurt. See him backin' up? Charles don't go after him. He just stands there watchin' him."

After the filming, Archie observed that the first Charles fight was Marciano's best. "Absolutely his best fight. I got to watch these pictures many more times. Study them."

Both Archie and Cheerful believe Rocky has survived as champion because no opponent yet has subjected him to the cumulative destruction of a series of good blows, something Moore intends to do. Neither is too concerned about Marciano's looping right because he misses with it so much.

"How the man gonna hit me?" Archie asks, a point Marciano himself has been heard to raise. But Archie adds: "If he does luck up and happen to hit me, that'd be only natural. Man 38 fightin' a man 31."

For all that he is an artist in the ring, Moore is a realist too. He doesn't expect to get through the fight without being hit at all. He does believe that, except for that element of luck, he can protect himself against any damaging blows Marciano can throw.

How will he fight Marciano?

"I told you that. I'll fight him with a mixture of all the years of being in the fight game, the things I learned, the tricks I learned, the way I've been telling you."

END

THE GUILFUL ART OF FEINTING A LA MOORE

A good feint tricks the opponent into expecting what isn't coming or induces him to throw what he shouldn't. It may be only a subtle shifting of the feet or the apparently careless dropping of a guard. Moore is a master feinter but Marciano, once he is stung, tends to ignore an opponent's feints and just swings at random.



DRAWING BACK RIGHT FOOT (1) makes opponent think Moore is setting himself for a left hook. The opponent weaves to his left to get out of the way and moves into the path of a straight right to the head (2). The straight right should meet the opponent as he is moving because then he is off balance, or at least not in position to make his own counter. But if the right-hand punch had missed, Moore would then have been open either for a right hook to the body or a left hook to the side as a counterpunch.

DRAWING BACK LEFT FOOT slightly (1) may feint a reluctant jabber into action by persuading him he can jab Moore off balance. If the jab comes with opponent's right hand low (2) Moore blocks it from the inside with his right hand, which continues on in one motion to the opponent's chin. With opponent's right hand high (3) Moore again blocks with his right but at the same time weaves to his left, thus getting his weight onto his left foot, and then is in balance to throw a left hook to the body.



SHIFTING SHOULDERs to right and dropping left hand may draw a right lead to the head (1). This exposes left side of feinter's face. As the opponent starts his right to the head (2) Moore instantly shoots his own right to the chin, moving forward to get inside the opponent's right. Only a boxer with a very fast right hand should try this feint, though it is safe enough if the opponent is out of position to throw a right but can be tricked into it. Moore's right hand is one of the fastest. His experience spans a generation.

LEANING BACK with right hand high against head (1) so opponent will not use his left hook may influence opponent to try a right to the body. When he comes in with his right (2) Moore hooks him with his left or (3) brings the jab up from a low hand position—a Moore characteristic. Marciano normally comes out boxing and can then be feinted, but once he is stung, the champion changes to his natural, swarming style and thereafter never has to be feinted until he begins to tire in the late rounds of a long fight.



DROPPING RIGHT HAND and leaning a trifle backward (1) may draw a left hook. Moore then moves to his left (2) and as the opponent's body comes around with the momentum of the hook Moore hits him in the body with another left hook. A risky alternate move would be to step inside the opponent's hook with a right counter but Marciano's stubby arms are difficult to get inside of, and the left hook, in Moore's opinion, is Marciano's very best punch. His short arms cause Marciano to prefer to fight close.

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AT BOWLING LANES, PRO SHOPS

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BASEBALL

by **ROBERT CREAMER**

THE YANKS HAD THE INDIANS
DEFEATED. BUT THEN CAME A
HOME RUN AND A WILD PITCH
THAT MAY DECIDE THE FLAG

WHITNEY FORD, the Yankee pitcher, looked like a little boy, standing there on the mound in his knickers and his peaked cap, a little boy (now that it was late and the lights in Yankee Stadium had been turned on) who should have been home in his mother's kitchen hours ago.

For seven innings and one out in the eighth he had held the Cleveland Indians. He had given up only one run, a homer by Jim Hegan in the second; and by the time the eighth inning rolled around and his rival pitcher, Herb Score, had gone from the game, the 2-1 lead Ford held seemed much bigger than a one-run lead had any right to look. Five outs more and the Yankees would have won the biggest double-header of the year. They would have taken over first place from Cleveland and the psychological edge as well. Then they would have been fairly on their way to the American League pennant. The Yankee Stadium crowd of 67,000 talked quietly, for the most part, and watched Ford work. It was interested in this fine ball game but not very excited.

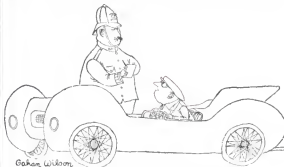
SUDDENLY A TIE

And then quite suddenly Bobby Avila of the Indians hit a home run into the left field stands and that great big one-run lead was gone. Hoot Evers followed with a long, bouncing double

to deep left center, and Al Rosen was walked intentionally.

The crowd, long dormant, was wild now, turbulent, yelling, shouting, howling. Larry Doby fouled a pitch to the left, took a ball low, another ball away, swung big and missed. On every pitch emotion boiled out of the stands. Doby cracked a double-play ball to Billy Martin, but Al Rosen slid hard into Phil Rizzuto at second and Doby beat the relay to first, stifling the double play and saving the inning. The Indians had yet another out. Evers was leading off third and Ralph Kiner was up. Ralph Kiner, once the most feared home-run hitter in the major leagues, now just another worn veteran playing out the string and, on his own admission, just about through. And yet, he was Ralph Kiner, the Big Hitter, and the noisy reaction of the crowd was proof of its appreciation of the dramatic perfection of his presence at the plate at such a time in such a game.

This was the moment when Eddie Ford looked so little, so young, so far from the warm, safe kitchen. Evers led off third, Doby off first and Ford threw a ball, high. He set himself and threw again. It was low, a wild pitch coming with the blinding suddenness of an electric light flicked on in a dark room, a wild pitch into the dirt 15 feet in front of home plate, scudding through Kiner, Yogi Berra and



"Of course at the speed of sound your siren's no use at all."



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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

SO—season opened (or opens); **SC**—season closed (or closes) **C**—clear water; **D**—water dirty or silty; **M**—water muddy; **N**—water at normal height; **SH**—slightly high; **H**—high; **VH**—very high; **L**—low; **R**—rising; **F**—falling; **WTSD**—water temperature 50° **FG**—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair; **FP**—fishing poor; **OG**—outlook good; **OF**—outlook fair; **OP**—outlook poor

TROUT: MAINE: Allagash teeming with squareheads according to spawn. Not too anxious to take fly, yet experts doing well.

ONTARIO: Sparked season closes Sept. 15, and anglers are turning to rainbows. Giants have started up Manitow and Bluejay creeks. Trout Lake in White River area produced 23½-pound lake for Bill Black of White River.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Hot weather has slowed action at Vancouver Island and lower mainland, but a fair run of steelheads is reported on the Stump, Coquihalla. **FP, OF.**

MINNESOTA: No rainbows have showed up in streams along north shore of Lake Superior yet.

MONTANA: Romy weather has brought fair-fishing in Madison, Yellowstone, Blackfoot, Missouri and Sun rivers. Big Hole still lags. Several 7-10-pound trout recently taken from Canyon Ferry Lake. **OVG** until late Oct.

COLORADO: Fishing continues to improve. Colorado River (Glenwood Springs area) **N, SH, FG, OG**. Yampa **L, C, D, VGH**. Snake is true for San Juan, Roaring Fork and Michigan. **SL, Louis Creek, L, C, FP, OF.**

CALIFORNIA: Peeper forest fire closed waters in Klamath, Sequoia and Los Padres forests. With Army and Marine aid week-long fight was and closures may be lifted this week. Weather cooler after 8 days 162-112° and trout have become more than difficult. Cooler weather will wake them up, and veteran parkers expect year's best catches next two weeks.

WASHINGTON: Check your fire warden before entering any lowland area until needed soaking rains arrive. High country fishing excellent. Trips. Terrible forest fire in Bove National Forest destroyed about 6,000 acres but fire control after about six days. Lake Pend Oreille blueback fishing good and two excellent weeks are anticipated.

MUSKELLUNGE: ONTARIO: FG/OG Lake Nipissing still best bet with Callander Bay giving up a 34-pound 12-ounce monster. Bay of the French Rivers, Shequandah and McCreger Bay by Beech Island are current hot spots.

MINNESOTA: FP/FF and OF so WT drops to low 40s in North. Best recent catch: 21-pounder from Starkey Bay in Leech Lake.

NEW YORK: Scout reports many over-20-pound muskies caught near Cape Vincent last week and any number of great northern pike. Harold Sanford and Richard Ross, Jamestown, landed the year's largest muskellunge from Chautauque Lake while trolling Adirondack Bay. Weight 36 pounds, length 54 inches. With cooler nights, **OF.**

WISCONSIN: Some light frost and rain have begun on biggest catches of the season and a 30-pounder was taken in Whitefish Lake on a black hucktail. Thus far in season 34 steel muskies have been caught on one dork in the Chippewa River downing. **OVG.**

PENNSYLVANIA: Fishing picking up in Conestoga and French creeks with fish taking chubs and artichokes.

BLACK BASS: FLORIDA: Bass fishermen beginning to take limit runs in north as cooler weather puts fish on move. Upper reaches of the Apalachicola and Apalachicola considered hot beds. H. C. Brown, Lutz, Fla., took a 15-pound 6-ounce in central Florida's Lake Hancock. Florida's bass of the year **OG.**

MISSISSIPPI: OVG, in streams emptying into the Bay of Biloxi and in the Pascagoula River system.

TEXAS: FG/OG for both large- and small-mouth. Ray Morgan of Rockwood brought home the limit from Watts Bay Lake. Largest of his 10 bass was 6 pounds 14 ounces.

MISSOURI: Fishing's been pretty poor in Lake of the Ozarks, but nothing wrong that a few cool days won't correct.

CALIFORNIA: Millerton near Fresno very good on bait despite heat. Henshaw good if you know the spots.

MICHIGAN: State winding up one of its greatest bass seasons. **OVG.**

CHANNEL BASS: LOUISIANA: Big reds are moving to cooler waters and loozers is picking up in Camp Albert, Four Bayou Pass, Redfish Bay, Port Lavaca Bay and others below New Orleans.

NORTH CAROLINA: Surf casting prospects are improving as autumn comes on, and Willie Newsome of Hatteras village reports some down there going up to 30 pounds.

FLORIDA: OF for all fish generally around Tampa but some redfish taken at Venice and Punta Gorda.

STRIPED BASS: MASSACHUSETTS: Best fishing of the year in the back beach section from Truro around to Chatham Inlet, with 20 50-pound fish hitting well on tin squid or plugs around the clock. A few beginning to appear off Scorton Creek in Cape Cod Bay as schools begin to assemble after first cool nights.

SOUTH CAROLINA: Stripers schooling well in both Santee and Cooper lakes with jigs and surface plugs.

NEW JERSEY: Sporadic forays along entire Jersey coast but not plentiful anywhere yet. A few taken off Long Branch pier.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: Biggest run of lake salmon in Main Southwest Miramichi in over 10 years. Fires! Black Bear, Squirrel Tail, Rensselaire, FP, Dunbar, FP, FG, OVG. Harts Pond on St. John. Macraikie Pool and OG. Harland Pond OG. Good blackback fishing on the St. Croix.

MAINE: Landlocked salmoners scoring excellently at Moosehead.

PACIFIC SALMON: BRITISH COLUMBIA: Campbell River came up with another 71½-pounder caught by Mrs. K. A. Wilkinson of Drummondville, Que., taken on non-regulation tackle (multiple hooks), which otherwise would have been a new. Tye Club record. Silver fishing was very good, especially off Cape Mudge and Quathilak on hucktails and small spoons.

CALIFORNIA: Trolling outside Golden Gate slow. Redfish Bay still hot. Top Chumok past week 35 pounds. Spawning run on through Gasta. Fishing off Humboldt and Klamath slowed by rough water. Trinity picking up as Chumoko less shy.

WASHINGTON: Fishing for kings slowing down but terrific runs of silvers furnishing excellent sport many acres. Neah Bay, Sekiu, Westport and La Push FG; OG, while nearly every spot in inner Puget Sound waters also excellent. North Puget Sound OG, especially on huck slark bait. Hot spot for hook-nosed silvers in 15 pounds along rock slides off north shore Orca Island on keenoie strips. Lummi Rocks still tops for specks. Klagit and Nookach River fairly C, but currently hot for bursters, war-run cutts, some silvers.

MARLIN: NEW YORK: Montauk Point has been seeing the best run of white marlin in about 35 years. Most fish taken in areas south and southeast of the point. Last week Mrs. Robert Fisher of Patchogue took one weighing 204 pounds (most fish running 50-70 pounds). It was far too hot to catch without fish while many boats have two or three fish. Fish generally taken while trolling for school tuna, and the prospects of good fishing seem fine until autumnal storms set in.



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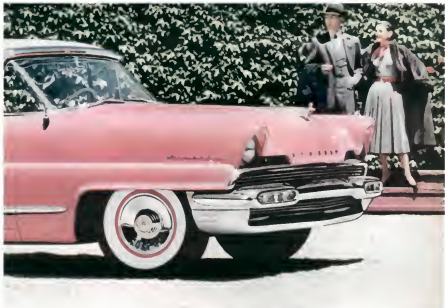
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Hey, Mr. Banjo!

Charles John Grimm, manager of the second-place Milwaukee Braves and a flouter of Durocher's Law, ponders his own managerial philosophy at 57 and then, in a clubhouse demonstration, proves he's still Jolly Cholly

by DON CONNERY and GERALD HOLLAND

THE BANJO ACT—the skinny little guy and the big, top-heavy character with the leathery face—was fracturing the audience. They soaked over *Heg, Mr. Banjo!* and then *Bye, Bye, Blues*, with the big fellow belting out the lyrics and the little guy wagging his head and jumping up and down. Everybody in the place started clapping and stomping and yelling for more. So the act gave out with *Shanty, Fire Foot Two* and *Oh! Susanna* and tried to get off with *Any Time*. But there had to be an encore, and so it was *Margie*. It could have gone on and on, but the audience and half of the banjo act, the big leathery-faced guy, had to get out of there and play a ball game with the St. Louis Cardinals.

It all happened in the clubhouse of the Milwaukee Braves on a recent summer evening when Eddie Peabody, billed in theaters and night clubs as The Banjo King, dropped in for a surprise visit with his old pal, Manager Charley Grimm, "the best left-handed banjo player in baseball" and a rollicking refuter of Durocher's Law, which says that "nice guys finish last." Sometimes, as Grimm still hoped to prove last week after Milwaukee provided the Dodgers with their 10-2 pennant clincher, a nice guy can finish second.

If this isn't to the complete satisfaction of the pennant-hungry Milwaukee fans, they can't blame the banjo. Despite the fact that there's a big banjo revival on, Grimm rarely plays these days. Matter of fact, he wouldn't have been able to join Peabody in the jam session if Eddie hadn't been able to dig up a left-handed banjo. But Charles John Grimm hasn't put his banjo aside because he's going in for dignity at the age of 57, after almost 40 years in baseball. He still believes, in contradiction of the John McGraw school of managing, that a team boss can be one of the boys and get his share of the laughs.

Sitting up in the grandstand a few hours before joining Eddie Peabody in the impromptu clubhouse musicale, Grimm had been mulling over his managerial philosophy. He was comfortable in a flowered sports shirt and gray slacks with a yellow straw tilted over his eyes.

"I've always had a lot of fun," he said. "When I was a kid we used to have those old-fashioned Saturday nights at our house with music you could hear for miles. Dad played the bull fiddle, Mom had a harmonica, my brother Bill played the guitar and Ollie would blow the bass tuba

and my sister Margaret would be at the piano. We all played by ear. My father would yell, 'Ach!ung!' and then, 'Eins, zwei, drei—spiel!' and we'd be off."

Grimm chuckled to himself. He might have been thinking of his early playing days with the Pittsburgh Pirates when he was the banjo player and baritone of a famous quartet that also included Rabbit Maranville, Cotton Tierney and Possum Whitted. One of Cholly's big numbers at that time was *When You Were a Talip*, sung with a thick German accent. Only Pittsburgh Owner Barney Dreyfuss was not amused. He decided the quartet had cost him a pennant and broke it up by trading Grimm to the Chicago Cubs, for whom he played a stylish first base and won three pennants in two hitches as manager.

As it turned out, Charley was thinking of something else. "The best fun I ever had managing," he said, "was with Bill Veech when he took over the Brewers here in Milwaukee and made a pennant winner out of an eighth-place club." (The Brewers played at Borchert Field in those days. It was a cozy minor league park, with the customers practically sitting on home plate. Grimm used to entertain them with jigs in the coaching box, salaams to home run hitters and pratfalls and fake faints to needle the umpires and the opposing team.) "One night," Charley went on, "they gave me a big birthday party. Eight players came out carrying a cardboard cake from Veech. Then there were dancing girls. All of a sudden the top of the cake opens and what do you think pops up? Just what I needed—a brand new left-handed pitcher named Acosta!"

When the transplanted Boston Braves moved into County Stadium in 1953, Grimm was assigned a private office. But after one game he moved his desk to the clubhouse.

"I like to be close to the players," he said, "and have a few laughs. I'm supposed to be an easy-going guy. Well, you've got 25 different dispositions. You've got to treat them all differently. If I think a guy isn't putting his best foot forward, I take him aside and talk to him. There's no sense in embarrassing a guy in front of everybody. Ball-players have feelings like everybody else. I've handled some pretty tough ones in my time and gotten good performances out of them."

He got up and stretched and said: "They call me Jolly Cholly. Well, that's the way I always was and that's the way I'll always be."

He yelled and waved at some ushers and hot dog vendors he knew. Then he headed for the clubhouse and the surprise that Eddie Peabody had waiting for him. (C.R.)

CHARLEY GRIMM shows his left-handed way with banjo, symbol of a career which proves that nice guys needn't finish last.

MOTOR SPORTS

by JOHN BENTLEY

IN THE INAUGURAL EVENT AT THE
GREAT NEW ROAD AMERICA COURSE
IN WISCONSIN, HILL AND JOHNSTON
STAGED A CLASSIC DRIVING DUEL

IT WAS the final lap of the 148-mile feature race held on Road America—a brand-new black-top sports car race circuit weaving through the rolling hills of Wisconsin's kettle moraine country near Elkhart Lake which received its baptism of speed last weekend. Sherwood Johnston, driving Briggs Cunningham's blue-and-white D-type Jaguar with the dash of a D'Artagnan and the skill of a juggler, felt almost within grasp of what was surely to be the hardest won and most deserved victory in his racing career. Dogging Californian Phil Hill's wheel tracks from the drop of the flag, he had managed to squeeze by his rival on the 23rd lap and held a precarious two-second lead from that point onward. As Johnston drifted the tricky diminishing-radius curve known as Turn 12 and streaked through the wide S that led under the bridge at Station 13, he knew that Hill in George Tip's Monza Ferrari was close behind him; but how close he had no means of telling, for the snout of the white Ferrari was no longer framed in his rearview mirror. Seven-tenths of a mile to go. One more downshift from third to second at the right-hand northeast corner (No. 14); a last upshift into third, zooming up the slope at the foot of the main straight—and Johnston would claim the checkered flag.

Then suddenly, as he cut the left bend under the bridge, the Ferrari nosed up level with him on his right, engine screaming, wheels grabbing croakwise at the outer radius of the road. Hill's red-shirted figure, eyes glued straight ahead, was tensed in a manner that spoke just one thing: "I'm going through." To this duel of speed—the greatest of its kind ever witnessed in postwar U.S. sports car racing—was added a split-second clash of wills between the two drivers. Hill knew that it was now or never. If he let up a fraction, Johnston would ease outwards in a normal drift and shut the gate on him before Corner 14. Johnston knew equally well that if he held his speed nothing would stop the drift and the Ferrari would be forced off the road. Sensing this, the crowd of 50,000 leaped to its feet, yelling encouragement to both drivers. But

in those dramatic 50 yards Hill had already committed the Ferrari to pass. Wilyly and sportingly, Johnston took a shade of the weight off his throttle foot. Hill inched by with faultless judgment, on the ultimate shred of traction. He made it to Corner 14 by a scant length, revved through two lightning downshifts, skimmed past the turn's haybales and howled up the slope at 8,000 rpm to receive the checker 20 feet ahead of the Jaguar. A breathless SCCA official, wiping his brow, gulped: "I never want to live through another one like this. My hair's turning gray!"

SEARCH FOR THE GROOVE

From the outset, the Hill-Johnston duel overshadowed every other car and driver in the final event. For one hour 51 minutes 4 2/10 seconds this pair kept the crowd taut with a brilliant exhibition of polished, determined and cunning driving that gave the new Road America circuit a greater send-off than any of its originators ever hoped for. In the early stages both drivers handled their machines with restraint as they felt for the "groove" that would enable them to reach optimum speed.

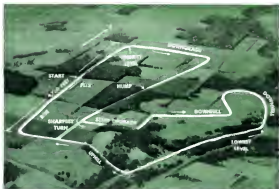
On Saturday, when the opening three

races were held, Hill told me: "This is the kind of course where on every lap you feel you could go a little faster at some point—but at the same time you wonder what would happen if you did." Neither the nervous, slender Hill who lives only for racing, nor phlegmatic Sherwood Johnston of the deceptively fast reflexes had much trouble finding that "groove." Hill led Johnston by seven seconds on the third lap and gradually widened the gap to 12 seconds on lap 17, but then an Allard went off the road and under the yellow flag Johnston wiped out 10 seconds of the deficit without breaking any rules, since he passed no one.

At this point the two leaders had lapped the entire field, including such name drivers as Bill Spear and Gordon Bennett in identical Maseratis, Jim Kimberly's stroked 4.8 Ferrari, Ernie Erickson's D-type Jaguar and the Ferraris of Lunken, Hively, Barton and Lyeth.

Benett's Maserati ran third for nine laps, about one minute behind the leaders, until he was overtaken by Barton's Ferrari, Erickson's D Jaguar, Hively's Ferrari and Spear's Maserati, in that order. Barton dropped out soon after with transmission trouble while running one minute 32 seconds behind Johnston. Erickson then moved into third place, holding that position to the end in an impressive drive. Gordon Bennett retook Hively and Spear (who made a pit stop) to finish fourth.

Meantime, Johnston took advantage of slower traffic to jump Hill and claim the lead on lap 23, when the fun began in earnest. Four laps later, Hill almost



ROAD AMERICA is a four-mile black-top course which varies 275 feet in elevation. It is the first course in the U.S. that fully tests the fastest cars and the best drivers.

went off the road at Turn 5 in his eagerness to make up the paper-thin gap between the nose of his Ferrari and the tail of the Jaguar. The error cost him four seconds which he later made up. Hill's last lap of two minutes, 54.55/100 seconds set a record which will take some beating. He won this grueling event at an average of 80.20 mph on a course featuring six corners and eight curves per four-mile lap, with differences in altitude of over 275 feet, with diminishing-radius curves varying from 88 to 427 feet and with a maximum possible speed of 130 mph on the main straight. The enthusiasts who called Road America a "hairy" (rugged, tricky) circuit were not exaggerating, but as Hill enthusiastically remarked afterwards, "this is the finest course in the country."

DREAM INTO ACTUALITY

This is no more than a just tribute to a courageous band of racing enthusiasts who in the space of a few months translated an ambitious dream into actuality. It took 15 months—from January 20, 1954 to April 20 this year—to capitalize the venture through sale of stock. From then on, the bulldozing, grading, leveling and surfacing of four miles of black top, 27 feet wide, spread over hundreds of acres, occupied less than five months. Included in this work was the installation of 27,000 feet of snow fence; 65,000 feet of barbed wire; and 204 feet of gates to create 100 acres of parking space and safe vantage points for 200,000 spectators. Sparkplug of the venture was Cliff Tufts, an Elkhardt Lake sand and gravel dealer. In support Tufts had the financial and creative influence of such sportsmen as Jim Kimberly, SCCA 1954 national racing champion.

The true challenge of the course was demonstrated in Friday's practice when Chuck Hassan (Ferrari) and Tom Friedmann (Maserati) both left the road, lured by an excess of zeal on curves that were a lot sharper than they looked. Friedmann suffered serious burns and injuries. Saturday's races—the first of 30 minutes and the other two of 45 minutes each—went respectively to a potent green TC MG driven by Roy Heath, a sleek silver-gray Mercedes 300SL coupe carrying Paul O'Shea and a blue-and-white OSCA handled by Frank Bott. O'Shea lost a commanding lead when his car went off the road at Corner 5 on the 11th lap, but he just scraped home to beat Bud Seaverns' Mercedes 300SL by a length. (For Road America class results, see SCOREBOARD.) (CRO)



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BOATING

A YOUNG MAN FROM SEATTLE WITH
THE LOOKS OF A TRABERT AND THE
SKILL OF A MASTER IS THE NEW
AMERICAN SMALL-BOAT CHAMPION

by
ROBERT N. BAVIER JR.

IF YOUNG Bill Buchan Jr., the Seattle skipper who piloted a Luders 16 to a clear-cut victory in the annual North American Sailing championships, remains anything close to the coolheaded, calm-browed competitor he was this last week at the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club, it is going to take some doing to beat him in future races.

FOR WINNERS—A CUP

The championship brings with it the Mallory Cup, a large, silver tureen that once belonged to the family of Lord Nelson and which in three short years has become just about the most coveted of all small-boat sailors' trophies. It takes its name from Clifford D. Mallory, the founder of the North American Yacht Racing Union, but it is not Mr. Mallory's semineer or the cup's historic origins that accounts for its drawing power. For the majority of entrants the real point is that Mallory competition offers a true test of racing skill. There are first numerous local and then eight area elimination regattas on the way to the finals. Participating sailors might be asked to sail Stars in the local championships and then Lightnings in the regionals. In no two successive years are the same class boats used in

the finals, and in all area, regional and the final racing series skippers trade off boats so everybody gets an equal shot at the fast and slow ones. If you manage to win, it is a sure thing you and not your boat did the winning.

And that is what makes Bill Buchan's triumph all the more remarkable. When the 20-year-old University of Washington junior, who bears a striking resemblance to Tony Trabert without the crew cut, arrived in Detroit with his father on the Friday before the first race on Tuesday, he had never sailed a Luders 16 before. With his father and Ron McFarlane, friend and third crew member, Buchan worked out for two days. By Sunday he was good enough to win an informal race against competition that included Gene Walet, twice the Mallory Cup winner and up to this point again the favorite.

How well Buchan learned his lesson was demonstrated almost before anyone else moved. Maneuvering the by-now thoroughly familiar Luders through a heavy wind that kicked up three-foot waves on shallow Lake St. Clair, Buchan took first place on Tuesday morning and then came back that afternoon to beat the pack again. His 16½ points was all the cushion Buchan

needed. While his six American and one Canadian opponents were forced to gamble the rest of the week, Buchan settled down to some sound sailing.

Once, though, he slipped. Perhaps playing it too craftily, Buchan took a fifth in the fourth race and led George O'Day, the pride of Massachusetts, by a scant 1½ points. Alfred Dowrie of Chicago was 3¼ back and Walet 4¼. In the fifth race Buchan made up for his lapse with a vengeance. With an 18- to 20-knot wind blowing across the triangular six-mile course Buchan got to the line late but had a clear wind.

Here he used good judgment. Instead of splitting tacks with the leaders he strapped his mainsail in hard, gave just enough slack to the jib and lit out in pursuit. Halfway to the first mark Buchan was in the lead and now it was the rest who had to tack clear.

The wind appeared too far abeam and too strong for spinnakers on the first reach but not to Walet. He cracked it on and after some trouble closed on Buchan. Accepting the challenge, Buchan Sr. and McFarlane set theirs in smart fashion, and that was the race to all intents and purposes.

Needing only a fourth in the eighth and last race no matter who won, Buchan sailed to keep out of trouble. O'Day and Walet, forced to gamble for first, dropped far back and when they finally worked up to fourth and third respectively, they were both a quarter point behind Dowrie in second.

All three of the leading challengers sailed well enough to win, but Bill Buchan sailed brilliantly. None of the other finalists had quite the knack of making his boat go fast. None got a better start when the series was young.

It was in judgment, however, that Buchan shone. In last year's Mallory finals he had finished a distant fourth, sailing fast and sometimes well but often recklessly. This year he had as much nerve but when he went off on a long tack it was based on good judgment, not wishful thinking. When behind, he was content to whittle away at the boats ahead rather than gamble.

Inevitably, part of the credit for Buchan's triumph must go to his father, an amateur boat builder and designer with as large and tough a pair of hands as ever handled a spinnaker. Buchan Sr.'s spinnaker was drawing almost as soon as the windward mark was passed and was never doused until the bow reached the leeward one.

"It takes a crew of five carrying it to the mark," said Bill Sr. after the race, but anyone who had watched knew better. It took three. (END)



CHAMPIONSHIP CREW, the Buchans—Bill Sr. and Jr.—and Ron McFarlane, come alongside Grosse Pointe Yacht Club dock in Luders 16 between Mallory Cup races.

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Prepared by **LIFE** Olympic Office

WHERE THE WILD

Seven hundred miles north of Toronto in the vast prairielike marshes of James Bay,

Canada, some 600,000 congregating blue geese put on the biggest show a goose

hunter can hope for—their annual rest stop before the 2,000-mile gantlet run south

by **SCOTT YOUNG**

SOMEWHERE out in high, thick grass geese suddenly clamor as a fox springs for his breakfast or a big owl drops swiftly, grappling hooks at the ready, for him. The noisy alarm quickly dies, but it is after 4 and two axes are clunking now and bacon is frying and then voices begin from another tent.

In a sense, these sounds from geese and men were offstage noises for the biggest show a goose hunter can ever hope for—the annual autumn stop-over in southern James Bay for all of creation's 600,000 or so blue geese, down a thousand miles from the foul climate of Baffin and Southampton islands, where some had broken wetly from the egg not much more than two months before. Here they would stay to fatten on roots and grasses until the late October storms drove them into the upper air for the 2,000-mile trip, sometimes nonstop, to their winter

home on the Louisiana gulf coast. And here to meet them, up from the south by plane and train, were city men in red underwear and Dacron and nylon and well-used old hunting clothes. In an hour or so men and geese would be re-enacting one of mankind's classic rites, the hunt.

We'd seen the geese the day before—a sudden rising, swirling cloud of big birds, thousands of them.

As we approached, they let us come so close that we could pick out the adult blues, the black-headed yearlings, a few olive-brown young and here and there in the flock the spectacular white blob of a lesser snow.

And later Jimmy Cheecho, a tall and commanding Cree with a strong, merry face, had taken five hunters a mile back toward the shore through grass so thick that walking in it was like walking in thigh-high water. There

they had seen the geese come in their evening flight in a mighty procession down the sky, spaced like a Fifth Avenue parade, flock after flock, mostly blues and lesser snows but sometimes the stately Canadas. The air never was empty of the sight and sound of them, and shots popped distantly, and some fell. At sundown guides and hunters were back in camp with 13 geese, shot without hides or decoys.

For most hunters in James Bay that week in mid-September this goose hunt was a once-in-a-lifetime experience. For four Detroiters and one Roman with whom Photographer Ronny Jaques and I camped, it was their first trip here. The Detroiters were Harry J. Loynd, Dr. George Rieveschl Jr., Irving Winkler and Harold G. McGregor. The fifth hunter in the group was Nicholas Laskaris, who came to see how this compared with his own goose shoot in the marshes near Manfredonia in Italy.

Spread along about 150 miles of James Bay's muddy meadows that morning were 60 or 70 other hunters, almost all male, who had flown in to the three big commercial camps in the area—Len Hughes's Albany camp, the Ontario Northland Railway's camp and Tom Wheeler's Cabbage Willows camp. We had loaded our tents and bedrolls and stoves and food into high-sided 18-foot freighter canoes and had caught the tide out one morning from the Hudson's Bay Company post on Moose Factory Island. And here we were, with a Cree in waders saying he'd now cut willows for our hides and we'd leave in half an hour.

Overhead the sky was empty, but as we neared the bay shore at the creek mouth great feeding flocks of blues again let us approach into gun range.

Another Cree guide, Jimmy Maris, *text continued on page 61*



SIXTY IN THE BAG was reward for four-day hunt. From left: Author Scott Young; Dr. George Rieveschl Jr. (Parke, Davis & Co.); Harold G. McGregor (of Central Boiler and Manufacturing Co.); Irving Winkler (Detroit building contractor); Harry J. Loynd (President of Parke, Davis & Co.); and visiting hunter from Italy, Nicholas Laskaris.

GOOSE WAITS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONNY JAGGER



*As dawn breaks over James Bay, Author-Hunter Scott Young poles his
freighter canoe along flooded tidal creek in search of geese.
Willow branches in canoe are cut ready for building a blind*



As they catch sight of the boat some 3,000 blue and snow geese rise up from their feeding grounds





in a fluttering tattoo of wings and noise, and the air is never empty of the sight and sound of them



*On prairielike marshes the Cree Indian guide builds
the blind (left) with willow branches. And then the geese come
answering the call, sliding down toward it,
wings set, range 50 yards, 40 . . . rise and fire!*





*Tramping across a tidal mud flat to retrieve a fallen goose
Young is lone figure in an unreal world of blues
caused when horizon disappears into perfect reflection of sky in the water*

WILD GOOSE

continued from page 56

beached the canoe near where they'd been. About 80 yards in from the shoreline the willows went into the sopping turf like candles into a cake. About 30 yards out from the hide, toward the shore, Jimmy fashioned crude but effective decoys out of bluish mud with bits of toilet paper attached.

And then the geese came and we hunched down and Jimmy Marks gave out with an imperative falsetto *kurrk! kurrk! kurrk!* as they seemed to be passing us, 200 yards away. The geese answered and abruptly swerved in. *Ga-ga-ga-ga-ga-ga* came in a restless all-in-safe murmur from the guides. And the geese slid down toward us, wings set, heads looking down and turning from side to side, range 60 yards, 50, 40, 35—rise and fire.

AND ONE MORE MAKES SIXTY

We were in the middle of one of three hides spread across two miles of shoreline that day. Dr. Rieveschl and Harold McGregor, hunting a mile to the northwest of us, got their limit of five geese each by 10:30. Harry Loynd, Irving Winkler and Nick Laskaris were hunting to our southeast with Jimmy Cheecho. They had 10 more by noon. By then I had three geese and my day's limit of eight ducks, mallards and pintails.

In the next two days the score of geese mounted and mounted until, on the third afternoon, our last in camp, 48 geese had been shot, of which four had been roasted for dinner one night; 16 more would fill the 10-geese possession limits for our six licenses.

The hunters went out at 4 that last afternoon and in an hour had 15 geese. One to go. If a flock came in, who would shoot?

Jimmy Cheecho spotted the answer—a lone goose hundreds of yards away, high, bound for somewhere far. Jimmy piercingly invited him in. The goose kept going on. Jimmy pleaded and cajoled, held out he alone knew what inducements and one of them touched this goose at least momentarily. He turned toward the hide, looking down, 200 yards, 100, 80—and then in a manner plainly saying to hell with it he banked abruptly and went the other way. No one will ever know what Jimmy Cheecho said to that goose then, but it was different from any other call, strident and insistent, a direct order. The goose obeyed. He banked again, set his wings, coasted in. He was the 60th.

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THE SILVER ANNIVERSARY OF JONES'S GRAND SLAM

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

IN LATE JUNE, 1930, a few days after he had captured the British Open Championship after previously winning the British Amateur, Bobby Jones sailed for home. A sizable delegation of his friends from Atlanta met his boat as it made its way into New York harbor. The metropolis joined them in a roaring welcome to the double champion as Mayor Walker led the autocade through the ticker tape and down the gulches of lower Manhattan. Bob had himself a brief "rest" and then it was time to head for Minneapolis and the Interlachen Country Club, venue that year of the United States Open.

Everyone now was talking excitedly about the prospect of a Grand Slam. If only Bob could get by the Open, so went the consensus, the U.S. Amateur (scheduled for Merson in late September) would be comparative duck soup. As for Jones, the awareness that he had a fairly good chance of winning all four titles in one year had, of course, now entered his mind, along with many ancient considerations. Try to fulfill your own legitimate ambitions and, if you are an athletic hero, before you know it you are public property and everything becomes painfully complicated. What you like and what you don't like, what you want to do and what you have no desire to do, become inextricably entangled—and you can't have one without the other. If you were Jones, you certainly wanted to win the U.S. Open, and if you won, as you knew, you would get both closer to and farther from the things that really mattered to you. And at what a price! Late one afternoon during that Open, O. B. Keeler of the *Atlanta Journal*, Bob's

devoted Boswell, followed him into the lockerroom at the conclusion of his round. It had been steaming out on the course, the temperature over 100°, the humidity wickedly enervating. Bob—he once lost 18 pounds during the course of a tournament—sat down in a lump on a lockerroom bench and started to unknot his tie. He could make no headway with it. Sweat had made it an unmanageable soaking mass. O. B. finally got hold of a knife and cut the tie off. "When are you going to quit this?" he said to the spent young man of 28. "Pretty soon, I think—and hope," Jones replied limply. "There's no game worth this damned foolishness."

OPEN COMPETITION

In addition to Jones, a large number of accomplished golfers had their eyes set on winning the 1930 Open: Walter Hagen (past his prime but far from finished), Gene Sarazen, Macdonald Smith, Leo Diegel, Tommy Armour (enjoying his greatest season), Horton Smith, Johnny Farrell, Harry Cooper (still a few years away from his peak), and, to name a few others, Denny Shute, Billy Burke, Craig Wood, Billy Mehlforn, Johnny Golden and Joe Turnesa. Putting together two excellent rounds on the first two days, then an absolutely wonderful round and a finishing round composed of passages of very sweet and very sour golf, Jones clearly outplayed this strong field. He led off with a steady 71, one under the par for the 6,572-yard course. On his second round, he added a somewhat more erratic 73. This included the famous "hulypal shot" on the 485-yard

9th, where Bob half-topped his fairway wood. The ball skipped like a scaled stone across the surface of the pond, hopped the far bank and finished nicely in front of the green. He chipped up close for an extremely fortuitous birdie.

Jones's half-way total of 144 placed him in a tie for second with Harry Cooper, two shots behind Horton Smith. Bob won that tournament with his third round. Striking his most Jonesian form, hitting everything right on the button and all but holing several pitches to the short par fours—this kind of pitch, incidentally, was supposed to be Bob's weakest shot—he was six under for the first 16 holes. He could not keep up this clip on the final two holes, but his 68—the lowest round of the tournament—placed enormous pressure on the other contenders. Hearing about Jones's sub-par streak, they began hanging for birdies to stay with him; they forced openings that didn't exist and consequently lost strokes to par. Most of the contenders soared high into the 70s, and their mass ascension gave Jones an almost unoverhaulable lead of five strokes over the next man, Cooper, and a full seven over that golfer who always had to be watched, Mac Smith.

Bob's last round was disconcerting, to say the least, to his swarming gallery of 16,000 admirers who were hoping he would rekindle his hot streak of the morning. On the 3rd, a par three, he took a five. He turned in a safe but pedestrian 38. When he went two over again on the 13th, another par three, a few pangs of alarm filtered through his gallery, for the grapevine reported that Mac Smith, playing behind



ONLY GOLFER EVER to collect the four major championship cups in same year, Jones in 1930 stands at table laden with, from

left, the British Amateur, British Open, Walker match (Jones captained U.S. team), U.S. Open and U.S. Amateur trophies.

Bobby, was comfortably stepping along in great style. Bobby pacified their nerves by ripping off a birdie on the 14th, and followed it with a staunch par on the 15th and another birdie on the 16th. Everyone began to breathe easily again and then, on the 17th, for the third time in a single round, Bob blew himself to a five on a par three hole. It was imperative now that he play the 18th at least in par. He collected himself on the tee of that 492-yard par four. He drove well. He smacked a firm approach onto the green some 40 feet from the cup. Then he heeled the putt. That ultimate birdie did it. Jones's total of 287 (71-73-68-75) proved to be two strokes better than Mac Smith's (70-75-74-79).

Whew! Three down and the Amateur to go, as if everybody didn't know.

The 1930 Open ended on July 12. The Amateur began on September 22. The long interval between the two championships was necessarily a trying period for Jones. He had the time to think about all contingencies, how much golf he should play to keep his form, how much golf he should not play to keep from going stale, how much rest he should get, and so on and so forth. In addition, there were many moments in which Bob wondered whether or not he would even manage to get to the Amateur. This concern was mitigated by two narrow escapes he had during this period. "On one occasion, when we were playing at East

Lake," he recalled this summer, "we had quit the game on the 12th green because of a severe thunderstorm. While a friend and I were walking in front of the clubhouse under an umbrella, lightning struck the main chimney of the clubhouse and hurled a large chunk of brick and mortar through our umbrella. A jagged edge of the mass ripped my shirt and put a scratch about six inches long on my right shoulder. A few inches more in my direction would have produced a very serious injury."

BROAD JUMP FOR LIFE

"Later that summer," he continued, "I was going to the Downtown Athletic Club for lunch and was walking along the sidewalk towards the club entrance, when a man behind me yelled, 'Look out, Mister!' I turned to see an automobile mounting the curb, headed precisely in my direction. I performed a broad jump that would have done credit to Jesse Owens and the automobile crashed into the building just where I had jumped from. It turned out to be a driverless car which someone had parked without properly setting the brakes.

"About a week before the tournament, I was attending some ceremonies incidental to the opening of the training camp of the Atlanta Crackers baseball team at Douglas, Georgia, in which I was supposed to be the catcher while the mayor of Atlanta pitched and some other dignitary was to swing the bat.

The Atlanta pitcher decided to warm me up. As he prepared to throw the ball, the thought suddenly flashed through my mind that here was a good chance to get a bruised or busted finger. We called off the warmup immediately and I was happy to let the mayor's pitch, which was a bit wild anyway, go to the backstop.

"You may be sure," he added, "that I was careful with razor blades and taking no more chances than I could help with spraining an ankle."

At long last it was mid-September, and the nation leaned forward as Jones and the other amateur stars converged on Merion, outside of Philadelphia. Bob's timing had not been too sharp in his practice rounds in the South, and he continued to work on his game until the day before the first qualifying round, a departure from his customary habit of blowing himself to a full day's rest before walking to the firing line. During the days of his preparation and throughout the tournament, Jones's doings were recorded by an unprecedented number of reporters and photographers. The *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, for example, detailed a squad of 16 men to cover the championship.

In 1930, the machinery of the Amateur was different from what it is today. The entrants had first to undergo a 36 hole qualifying test at the scene of the championship to determine the

continued on page 63

continued from page 62

32 low scorers. These qualifiers then went into the match-play rounds—two rounds of 18-hole matches followed by 36-hole matches in the third round, the semifinals and the final. In an 18-hole match, a man who is putting or who is riding a hot streak can often eliminate a basically superior golfer. Matches over this short route had worried Bobby for many seasons, understandably. (In the 1929 Amateur at Pebble Beach, the percentages had finally caught up with Jones, and an unknown and unawed young man from Omaha, Johnny Goodman, had upset him in the first round, 1 up.) Well, the first job was to qualify, and as for the matches—you would get to them when you got to them.

Right off the reel Jones provided a decisive indication that he meant to leave as little as possible to the vagaries of golf as he confronted the opportunity of a lifetime. He not only qualified with plenty to spare, he led the qualifiers with 69-73 for a record-equaling total of 142, mighty fine golf if you know Merion, a course that requires accurate placement of the drive and finesse on your approach shots, and which places at your disposal lots of healthy rough and an abundance of white-faced traps where you can repent at leisure for your sins. The course had been too much for the defending champion, Jimmy Johnston. Five former Amateur champions—Jesse Guilford, Chick Evans, Davidson Herroon, Max Marston and Chandler Egan—had also failed to qualify. In the first round, three more "names" fell: Doc Willing, Francis Ouimet and Phil Perkins. Also Johnny Goodman, thus canceling out the possibility of a return match between Jones and Goodman. Then, in the second round, George Voigt and George Von Elm, the two players who were counted on to give Jones his toughest opposition, were upset, Voigt by Charley Seaver and Von Elm by Maurice McCarthy Jr. in that memorable struggle that staggered on through 10 extra holes.

Jones got by those two dangerous rounds in good shape. In his first match against Ross Somerville, the all-around Canadian athlete who was to win the Amateur two seasons later, Bob rushed out in 33 and eventually won 5 and 4. This match was a far more perilous affair than the first score indicated. The turning point, as Bob saw it, was the 7th hole where he canned an eight-footer and Somerville then missed from seven. Jones had been 1 up to that

point, and Bob has always felt that had the activity on that green been reversed—Jones missing and Somerville holing—Somerville might have been a hard man to stay with. That afternoon Bob won his match from F. G. Hoblitzel, another Canadian, also by a 5-and-4 margin. This match had a slightly different complexion. Jones was out in 41, a score that ordinarily would have put him deep in trouble. Hoblitzel, though, was playing just as loosely. Then Bob, very much like a pitcher in baseball bearing down, wrapped things up by shooting the first five holes coming in two under even 4s.

AN UNEASY FEELING

In the third round Jones met Fay Coleman, a young Californian. If you were a Jones fan you worried about each successive match and sometimes you worried a little harder than usual. The evening before the Coleman match, if I may interpose a personal note, I had a most uneasy feeling in my bones. There were no grounds for this, really. Coleman had qualified near the top with a total of 145 and had played well in winning his first two matches, but his over-all record didn't make him out to be a Jones-beater. In any event, I remember running from school the noon of the Jones-Coleman match and switching on the radio to catch the news broadcast. (That week they included reports on Jones's progress.) He stood 2 up on Coleman after the morning 18. Not bad, but a larger margin would have been more comforting. The 6 o'clock news flashed the word that Bob had won 6 and 5.

In the semifinals, Bob met Jess Sweetser. Jess was still playing good golf but he was neither the same forceful shotmaker nor the same pugnaeous match player who, en route to the Amateur title in 1922, had trounced Jones 8 and 7 in their semifinal set-to. This time Bob won 9 and 8. A comfortable margin indeed, yet there was one stretch early in the match when several other conclusions looked likely. After taking four of the first five holes, Bob had gone into a perplexing lapse. He had lost the 7th by hitting one out-of-bounds. He had dropped the 9th and the 10th by three-putting each green. His lead all but obliterated. Bob had then stepped back into stride again. By lunch he was once more 4 up, definitely on his way.

Finally, the final. If there ever was an assignment in golf, or in sports in general, that no one relished filling, it was to be the other finalist in the 1930 Amateur, the one person standing

between Jones and the completion of the Grand Slam. This was the lot that fell to Eugene V. Homans, a gaunt, bespectacled Princeton graduate with the solemn air of a deacon about him even when he was outfitted in plus fours and bright argyle socks. Gene Homans was a very capable golfer and, furthermore, a match player with plenty of fight. For instance, he had pulled out his semifinal round after standing 5 down. Against Jones, try as he did, Homans could never get going, maybe because, despite his efforts to win, he could never escape the discomfiture of the role in which circumstance had cast him.

When the final began, Homans was so nervous that it took him six holes to register his first par. Jones was a little rocky himself. For all of Homans' faltering, Jones stood only 3 up at the end of six. Then both men threw off some of the tension they were under and began to hit their shots. As they made their way over Merion's green acres, they were followed by the largest single gallery in the history of American championship golf—over 18,000 spectators. Homans played the second nine in 37. Jones, moving into an irresistible mood, came in in 33—4-3-4-3-4-3-4-4. This brilliant burst placed him 7 up. It was no longer a question if Jones would win but how soon.

When Jones and Homans resumed play after lunch, the huge, ponderous gallery spilled noisily over the course after them. No one wanted to miss the dramatic climax, the actual moment when Bobby, by winning the Amateur, would wrap up his historic Grand Slam. The 18,000 had a while to wait. Bob moved quickly to 8 up, to 9 up, and there he stopped. Beneath the rhythmic pace of his step down the fairways and the frown of concentration that enveloped him as he played his shots, here was a thoroughly exhausted man. His golf began to show it. He three-putted the 25th. He found a bunker on the short 27th. On the 28th, it took him two to recover from a greenside bunker. These errors, however, cost him only one hole, and he stood dormant 8—8 up and 8 holes to play—on the tee of the 29th, the superb 11th hole, a 378-yarder to a small, slightly plateaued green hemmed in on three sides by Baffling Brook. Rousing himself from his tiredness, Jones loosed out an accurate drive and dropped a tall pitch nicely on the green, about 20 feet or so short of the cup. Homans was also on in two, at the back of the green. Bobby tapped his approach putt very close to the cup. To keep the match going, Homans had to hole his

long one. It was never in. As the ball veered definitely off the line, Gene strode rapidly across the green to be the first to congratulate the winner.

Honours was hardly halfway to Jones when the bodyguard of Marines, which had protected Bobby from the idolatrous thousands all day long, dashed onto the green and formed a cordon around him. It was a good thing they did. Hundreds of spectators were sprinting towards Jones, eager to shake his hand or pound his back or to touch him or merely to shout their congratulations to the weary hero who had always exerted such a magical hold on the nongolfing public and who epitomized for golfers all that was the best and finest in the game. In the background, the other thousands, their ambitions for Jones fulfilled, stood and roared and roared. It was for everyone a moment of heartfelt release that had been building for at least two months or ever since Jones had followed his triumphs in the British Amateur and British Open in May and June with his pivotal victory at Interlachen.

Jones walked with his escort slowly back to the clubhouse, acknowledging as best he could the congratulations poured upon him but, for the most part, overcome with awe himself at what he had succeeded in doing. In the clubhouse, after a talk with his father, he began to digest the reality that the Grand Slam was factually behind him and with it the ever-accumulating strain he had carried for months. When he appeared for the presentation ceremonies, he looked years younger.

Some two months later, Robert T. Jones Jr. announced his retirement from competitive golf. In the years that lay ahead, Bob played lots of friendly golf but he emerged from his retirement only once a year and then to play in the Masters, the tournament in which he acted as host to his fellow champions and which was played over the Augusta National, the course which he helped to design. As Bernard Darwin has written so beautifully, "Bobby retired at the right time and could say with Charles Lamb, 'I have worked task week and have the rest of the day to myself.' After Tom Cribb had beaten Melaneux for the second time at Thurstleton Gap, it was decided that he never need fight again and should bear the title of Champion to the end of his days. I think most golfers in their hearts grant the same privilege to Bobby Jones." **END**

TURN PAGE FOR THIS WEEK'S
JONES ANNIVERSARY ALBUM

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YESTERDAY

and today from page 10

BOB JONES LOOKS BACK ON 1930

One of the unintentional by-products of the intense concentration required in competitive golf is that many golfers effortlessly remember most of the strokes they have played in important championships as if it all happened yesterday. This is certainly true of Bob Jones. In this second and concluding part of the Grand Slam anniversary album, Bob recalls an important moment in each of the four championships he won that epochal year.



"There was one trap shot that I did make in the 1930 Open, which was of 1930, was change in the 17th hole of my match against Sam Roper. I had been told that Roper was a mediocre player, but I had been impressed with the way he hit the ball off the first tee. I managed to shoot into two berms on the first three holes, and in this picture I

am hiding a pick of about 150 yards from the famous Rooster on the 4th hole for an eagle putt. This year, on a three-hole bird, which I never substantially improved. Roper turned out to be a very good golfer and fine competitor, and I might have been in serious trouble without such a start."



"This is the shot that I slipped up on the 1930 Open at 18th hole when the green on the par-five 16th at Poppleton was the last round, was around having reached a put bunker at the left corner of the green. Just before I hit the States, Haydon Smith had given me one of the first bad advice. I had carried it in my bag but had never used it. With the new rule for planting my right foot on the rear wall of the

cup, I was told to avoid the only possible shot with a back foot and could by playing down I decided to use it. The ball was in the middle of a flat fair green and I decided to use it to hit in the 17th green and it stopped at the very edge of the hole. The resulting two was, and the one was a margin, over Lee Dugal, who finished two strokes behind me, later made a six from this same bunker."



"A fine reception in New York after my return from Great Britain in 1936. The picture recalls to me a letter I received not long ago from an unknown friend who wrote that he had found himself on the Battery while the parade was forming. He approached one of New York's Finest, sweltering in his heavy uniform, and asked what the parade was for. 'Oh,' said the policeman, in obvious disgust, 'for some damned golf player.' My wife and Joe Jakubow are on the back seat with me, and the late John S. Cohen, then publisher of the Atlanta Journal, is the smiling gentleman on the front seat."



"This is the final putt of about 10 feet on the last green at Interlachen in the United States Open Championship of 1940. I had just taken fire at the 17th for the third double bogey of the round, so even with the five-stroke lead with which I had started the afternoon play, I really needed this putt to make me safe from pursuit by the two Smiths, Mardwald and Hartau. When the ball topped the rise and in the pocket and took the break directly toward the center of the hole, I think it was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen on a golf course."



"This was the place and in the four match of the United States Amateur Championship of 1940. The hole was a drive and short putt to a small green (not even a lovely break. The shot had to be

photographed simply in order to end the press. He, my mother-in-law and the nearest youngsters and not all the best caddy I have ever had assigned to me."

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

September 16 through September 25

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

Auto Racing

NASCAR 100-m. championship, Islip, N.Y.

Boxing

Frankie Ryfi vs. Joey Lopez, lightweights, Detroit (10 rds.) 10 p.m. (NBC)

Football

UCLA vs. Texas A&M, Los Angeles (N)

Harness Racing

Reading Fair Futurity, \$20,000, 2-yr.-old pacers, Reading, Pa.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17

Auto Racing

Tourist Trophy Race, Belfast, Ireland
AAA 100-m. fall championship Indianapolis
SOCA nat'l sports car races, Watkins Glen, N.Y.

Baseball

Cleveland vs. Detroit Municipal Stadium, Cleveland, 1:35 p.m. (CBS*)

New York vs. Boston, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 5 p.m. (Mutual*)

Football

(Leading college games)

EAST

Pittsburgh vs. California, Pittsburgh, 1:15 p.m. (Mutual*)

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

Arkansas vs. Tulsa Fayetteville, Ark.
Texas vs. Miss State, Gainesville, Fla.
Fla. State vs. N.C. State, Tallahassee, Fla. (N)

Georgia vs. Mississippi, Atlanta (N)

Georgia Tech vs. Miami (Fla.), Atlanta, 3:15 p.m. (NBC color) Men to watch: Tech's Wade Mitchell (11) and Miami's Wilby Ross (13)

LSU vs. Kentucky, Baton Rouge, La. (N)

Texas vs. Texas Tech, Austin, Tex. (N)

TCU vs. Kansas, Ft. Worth, Tex. (N)

Tulane vs. VMI, New Orleans

WEST

Iowa State vs. Denver Ames, Iowa

Missouri vs. Maryland, Columbia, Mo.

FAR WEST

Oregon State vs. Brag Young, Corvallis, Ore.

S. California vs. Washington State, Los Angeles

Stanford vs. Cal of Pac., Palo Alto, Calif.

Utah vs. Oregon, Salt Lake City (N)

Washington vs. Idaho, Seattle

(Professionals)

Los Angeles vs. Philadelphia (exhibition), Denver, 8:05 p.m. (ABC*)

Green Bay vs. Chicago Cardinals (exhibition), Milwaukee, 8:05 p.m. C S T

Golf

U.S. Nat'l. Amateur final, Richmond, Va.

Horse Racing

Golden Handicap, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, 4 & 6 m., Aqueduct, N.Y., 4:15 p.m. (ABC-TV; NBC radio)

American Bred Stakes, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Atlantic City, N.J., 4:30 p.m. (CBS)

Foreign Bred Stakes, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Atlantic City, N.J., about 5 p.m. (CBS)

Midwest Handicap, \$25,000, 6 1/2 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Hawthorne Park, Chicago, about 6:15 p.m. (NBC)

California Jr. Miss Stakes, \$25,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-old fillies, Bay Meadows, San Mateo, Calif.

Motorboating

President's Cup Regatta, Washington, D.C.
NCA professional class championships, Wabash Valley Regatta, Mt. Carmel, Ill. (until Sept. 19)

Steeplechase Racing

Geol County Traber Race & Manly Steeplechase, Fairhill, Md.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

Auto Racing

NASCAR 250-m. championship, Langhorne, Pa.
AAA 200-m. stock engine race, Milwaukee

Baseball

New York vs. Boston, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual*)

Football

Detroit vs. New York (exhibition), Detroit, 2:05 p.m. E.S.T.

Pittsburgh vs. Baltimore (exhibition), Buffalo, N.Y., 2 p.m.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

Baseball

Army championships begin, Ft. Belvoir, Va.

Boxing

Archie McIlwain vs. Jimmy Slade, heavyweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (DuMont)

Softball

Men's world championships, Clearwater, Fla.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

Baseball

Boston vs. Baltimore, Fenway Pk., Boston, 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

Rocky Marciano vs. Archie Moore, for world heavyweight title, Yankee Stadium, N.Y. (15 rds.), 10:30 p.m. (ABC-radio, better TV)

Golf

Trans-Mississippi Women's Tournament, Twin Hills Club, Oklahoma City (until Sept. 25)

Horse Racing

Cowdin Stakes, \$25,000, 6 1/2 f., 2-yr.-olds, Aqueduct, N.Y.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

Baseball

Detroit vs. Kansas City, Briggs Stadium, Detroit, 2:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

Robby Dykes vs. George Johnson, middleweights, Miami, Fla. (10 rds.), (ABC-TV—10 p.m., radio—10:15 p.m.)

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

Golf

Corking's Open begins, Newton, Mass.

Horse Racing

Little Brown Jug, \$65,000, 3-yr.-old pacers, Delaware, Ohio

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

Baseball

Boston vs. New York, Fenway Pk., Boston, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Global World Series (amateurs), Milwaukee (until Sept. 28)

Boxing

Rocky Castellani vs. Ralph (Tiger) Jones, middleweights, Cleveland Arena (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Football

S. California vs. Oregon, Los Angeles (N)

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

Auto Racing

NASCAR late model 300-m. race, Hickory, N.C.

Baseball

Detroit vs. Cleveland, Briggs Stadium, Detroit, 2:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Football

(Leading college games)

EAST

Army vs. Furman, West Point, N.Y.

Columbia vs. Brown, New York

Colgate vs. Dartmouth, Hamilton, N.Y.

Corvallis vs. L'Hyg, H'g, N.Y.

Holy Cross vs. Temple, Worcester, Mass.

Maryland vs. UCLA, College Pk., Md.

Navy vs. William & Mary, Annapolis, Md.

Peen vs. Virginia Tech, Philadelphia

Penn State vs. Boston U., University Pk., Pa., 2 p.m. (CBS*) Men to watch: State's Leroy Moore (42) and Boston's Ken Hagerstrom (31).

Princeton vs. Rutgers, Princeton, N.J.

Syracuse vs. Pitt, Syracuse, N.Y., 1:15 p.m. (NBC*) Men to watch: Syracuse's Jimmy Brown (44) and Pitt's Conny Salaveria (11)

Virginia vs. Baylor, Philadelphia (N)

Yale vs. Connecticut, New Haven, Conn.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

Arkansas vs. Okla. A&M, Little Rock, Ark. (N)

Florida vs. Georgia Tech, Gainesville, Fla.

Georgia vs. Vanderbilt, Athens, Ga.

Kentucky vs. Mississippi, Lexington, Ky. (N)

N. Carolina vs. Oklahoma, Chapel Hill, N.C.

N.C. State vs. Duke, Raleigh, N.C. (N)

Rice vs. Alabama, Houston, Tex. (N)

Tennessee vs. Miss State, Knoxville, Tenn.

Texas vs. Tulane, Austin, Tex. (N)

Texas A&M vs. LSU, Dallas (N)

Texas Tech vs. TCU, Lubbock, Tex., 2 p.m.*

Men to watch: Tech's Jack Kirkpatrick (22) and TCU's Jimmy Swink (25)

WEST

Indiana vs. Michigan State, Bloomington, Ind., 2:15 p.m. (CBS* TV, Mutual* radio) Men to watch: Indiana's Milt Campbell (46) and State's Clarence (H) Peaks (26)

Iowa vs. Kansas State, Iowa City

Kansas vs. Washington State, Lawrence, Kan.

Michigan vs. Missouri, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Minnesota vs. Washington, Minneapolis

Northwestern vs. Miami (O.), Evanston, Ill.

Notre Dame vs. SMU, South Bend, Ind., 2 p.m. C S T (NBC*) Men to watch: Notre Dame's Paul Hornung (45) and SMU's Don McIlhenny (37)

Ohio State vs. Nebraska, Columbus, Ohio

Purdue vs. Cal of Pac., Lafayette, Ind.

Wisconsin vs. Marquette, Madison, Wis.

FAR WEST

California vs. Illinois, Berkeley, Calif., 2 p.m., P O T (CBS*) Men to watch: California's Jim Carmichael (85) and Illinois' Mike Bates (44)

Oregon State vs. Stanford, Portland, Ore. (N)

(Professionals)

Philadelphia vs. New York Philadelphia, 7:30 p.m. (DuMont-TV Mutual* radio)

Horse Racing

Synonby Stakes \$30,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y.

United Nations Handicap, \$100,000, 1 3/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Atlantic City, N.J., 5 p.m. (CBS)

Bay Meadows Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Bay Meadows, San Mateo, Calif.

Motorboating

NCA stock outboard championships, Loudren Lake, Knoxville, Tenn. (until Sept. 26)

Seiling

President's Cup Regatta, Washington, D.C.

Steeplechase Racing

New Jersey Hunt Cup, Fair Hills, N.J.

Tennis

Pacific Coast championships, Berkeley, Calif.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

Auto Racing

NASCAR 300-m. late model race, Wilkes, N.C.

Baseball

Boston vs. New York, Fenway Pk., Boston, 2 p.m. E.S.T. (Mutual*)

Air Force championships, Osoalson AFB, S.C. (until Sept. 29)

Football

All Ireland championships, Croke Park, Dublin. (Professionals)

Baltimore vs. Chicago Bears, Baltimore, 2:05 p.m. E.S.T.*

Cleveland vs. Washington, Cleveland, 2:05 p.m. E.S.T.*

Green Bay vs. Detroit, Green Bay, Wis., 1:35 p.m. C S T

San Francisco vs. Los Angeles, San Francisco, 2:05 P S T (ABC*)

Tennis

Pacific Southwest Gnals, Los Angeles.

*See local listing

THE TEST OF A CHAMPION

Sirs:

America's racing fans, who seem to number millions, finally had their match race. The upshot is controversy, a feeling that nothing was settled and a nagging sense that Swaps either was physically unfit or should never have been matched against Nashua in the first place. This is not surprising. No match race has ever proved anything with certainty. No match race has ever satisfied anyone completely. And, surprisingly, only a few have ever represented a real duel.

But I do believe that the Swaps-Nashua affair came closer to a real match than any other match race I have been privileged to witness. I definitely reject the possibility, apparently adhered to by many who should know better, that Swaps aggravated his old injury shortly after leaving the starting gate. I agree with SI that that clumsy swerve was an attempt by Shoemaker to throw his horse into a better position and not a stumble or misstep by the horse. Of that I am sure.

However, I am equally certain that Swaps did not run his best race. That beautiful animal can do a lot better than that. It was not his day, agreed, but then the test of a champion, arbitrary though it be, is to run like a champion in every race. In recalling this race let's remember this: a horse is a horse - it is not motivated by glory or money or sectional chauvinism, but by its own primitive instincts of which you and I know next to nothing. So a horse race is always subject to uncontrollable factors and a match race, because it is something the horse is not used to, especially so. I believe Nashua to be the greater horse. Others fancy Swaps. Well, that difference of opinion makes a horse race and we have witnessed a great one for which no alibis are necessary and none should be made.

CARLETON CUREAT

Chicago

THEY WILL MEET AGAIN

Sirs:

Swaps lost. I don't believe that he was sound when he ran against Nashua. That horse cannot be beaten by six lengths by any horse when he is sound. Tenney and Ellsworth are too gentlemanly to stand up now and make an alibi. But to me Nashua still is just one thing: the second-best horse in the country. But let's not get anguished about it. The two will meet again many times as 4-year-olds and if Nashua has to give away a few pounds as the result of the match race I can only say it serves his supporters right.

JERRY GLANNEN

Santa Barbara, Calif.

IN MY OPINION

Sirs:

As I write this the famous match race is history. Nashua was the convincing winner, but I think that despite Nashua's win he is not a better horse than Swaps!

The victory was not that of the horse but of the rider. Eddie Arcaro rode the most

brilliant race I've ever seen. It is my opinion that Arcaro could have won the race on either horse!

WIL. D. SHERMAN

Philadelphia

● The Italics are Mr. Sherman's—ED.

THE THIRD ROUND

Sirs:

Just because Nashua won the match race doesn't mean he is Horse of the Year. After all, that left the rivalry at one piece. Another race would decide the true champion.

JIM McFERSON

Inglewood, Calif.

DEAD HEAT

Sirs:

Well the big race is over and it proved nothing - both horses are still champions.

MRS. M. C. HELM

Mission, Kan.

THE POOR PUBLIC

Sirs:

The Nashua-Swaps match race proved once again the general public in this country knows nothing about horse racing. It

was obvious Swaps never could whip Nashua in a match race. Class has to tell in a match. In fact, in many ways Swaps played Chuck Davey to Nashua's Kid Gavilan. Shame on the experts who should have known better than to pick Swaps but who were too lazy to think.

Apparently the reasoning used by the public to make Swaps the favorite was based on two premises - he had won the Kentucky Derby and his times had been faster than Nashua's. The public can't seem to fathom that while the Kentucky Derby is a wonderful show, as a true test of horses it is a joke more often than not. This has to be for several reasons. It is run much too early in the year and secondly it is a mad scramble more often than it is a truly run race. . . .

The public seems to be equally in the dark about time. Thus no consideration was given to the fact that Swaps' "sensational" times were made on the California tracks. The poor public doesn't realize that California's tracks have been souped up out there to enable the horses to post sensational times and thereby presumably prove they are better than the eastern horses. So,

continued on next page



"We have to let him play; they're his powers."

the suckers turn out to see these world-record breakers and assorted wonder-speed horses for whom excuses invariably have to be made once they get out of the Golden State.

Now we hear that Swaps injured himself right after the start of the race. If this is true, then Shoemaker must be characterized as malicious for having forced a horse that had injured itself to run a mile and a quarter; he should have pulled the horse off. Of course, if Shoemaker didn't know when the horse was hurt (assuming for the moment he was), then how can anyone be sure he hurt himself at the start, in the middle of the race, or a stride before he reached the wire? Swaps may never be the same again as the result of his race with Nashua but if he isn't, it will be for the same reason that John P. Grier wasn't after his classic race with Man o' War.

But, try to tell the man in the street that the horse who won the Kentucky Derby isn't the country's best (with the possible exception of that one out in California who just ran a mile in 1:23 or some such absurd time). He just won't believe you until that day arrives when Barnum's famous expression no longer is true. And, that's why the smart boys took Nashua at 9-5 in the California Futurity Book.

JOHN MCCORMACK

Dallas, Texas

● California tracks do indeed have a phenomenal record for speed. All seven world records in these most commonly run distances have been set in California since the end of World War II:

DISTANCE	HORSE & AGE	TRACK & YEAR	TIME
6f	Bolero, 4	Golden Gate '59	1:08 1/5
1f	Ki Drag, 4	Hollywood '55	1:20
1 mile	Citation, 5	Golden Gate '59	1:59 3/5
1 1/16	Swaps, 5	Hollywood '55	1:40 2/5
1 1/8	Aldon, 4	Hollywood '55	1:46 3/5
1 3/16	Pavee Bird, 4	Golden Gate '59	1:52 3/5
1 1/4	Noor, 5	Golden Gate '59	1:58 1/5

Still, Swaps has turned in some fast times on both his trips outside California. He ran the Kentucky Derby in

2:01 4/5, tying for fourth fastest time in the Derby's mile-and-a-quarter history; and he broke the Washington Park turf course record for a mile and threesixteenths (and tied the American record) with 1:54 3/5 in the American Derby at Chicago.—ED.

LIGHT ON THOSE CONTRADICTIONS

Sir:

My congratulations on the Swaps-Nashua story (SI, Sept. 12) which I have just read. It is superb reporting and answers every question that I, as a man who reported races from the press box for 10 years, would have asked after viewing the race on TV and reading the contradictory comments in the press. It is couched in the lucid and simple language which I thought had all but disappeared from sports writing too. A very, very superior job from every standpoint.

DAVID ALEXANDER

New York

BATTLE REPORT

Sir:

That was a masterful piece of horse reporting... Finely done, particularly the paragraph where you reported the battle scream of Arcaro as Nashua sprang from the gate. Swell.

CLARENCE P. WOODBURY

South Bend, Ind.

PAYING GUEST

Sir:

I am a bit disturbed by a number of recent communications in THE 19TH HOLE in regard to the brilliant articles by J. P. Marquand dealing with the difficulties of Happy Knoll Country Club.

Quite a number of readers have written to you requesting guest membership cards in Happy Knoll and, I assure, they have been granted. This is quite in keeping with the general tenor of SI.

May I respectfully request, though, that SI sell guest memberships in Happy Knoll for the sum of \$1, all proceeds from which sale shall be turned over to the United States Olympic Fund? And, to start the ball rolling toward Melbourne, I am enclosing my check in that amount....

KENN ROMNEY

New York

● SI is grateful to Mr. Romney for a new idea in contributing to a fine cause and, having forwarded his check to the Olympic Fund, welcomes him as Happy Knoll's first paying guest.—ED.

WILDLIFE ON THE GREEN

Sir:

I'm afraid Irwin L. Stein's "conservationist" (E & D, Sept. 5) whose

"... putt was purposely missed, Abnerd, but strictly legal.
He is a conservationist
And will not shoot an eagle."
— is still a stinker for:
Unless he missed another putt,
His record still is dirty
I know he spared the eagle, but
He now has shot a birdie!

JACKSON C. ALLEN

Chattanooga, Tenn.

PROTAGONIST REPORT

Sir:

I am glad to report that Mrs. Emma Gatewood, when you "patted on the back"

in your Aug. 15 issue for hiking the Appalachian Trail from Georgia to Maine, is now on her way through New Hampshire. I met her on top of North Carter Mountain about a week ago. I casually asked her where she had come from, and when she replied that she had come from Mt. Oglethorpe, Georgia I almost dropped.

She complained that the New Hampshire trails were not well marked. In fact, two days before I met her, she had got lost after dark in the rain, and curled up under a pine tree and fallen asleep....

JOE KELSEY

Montclair, N.J.

END OF A HEATED DISCUSSION

Sir:

Could you please inform me if Dr. Roger Bannister has run the mile since the Mile of the Century at Vancouver and, if so, what was his time?

I was in the midst of a heated discussion—one side saying that Dr. Bannister ran the mile fairly recently in 4:31 in some charity or exhibition meet, the other side saying that he has not run the mile since his retirement and that it was Wes Santee who ran the 4:11 mile....

H. E. QUICK

Medina, Ohio

● Dr. Bannister has not run the mile in official competition since the Mile of the Century. He ran a metric mile at the European Games in Bern, Switzerland on Aug. 29, 1954 and won it in 3:43.8. But the metric mile is only 1,500 meters. The mile is 1,609.3 meters. Wes Santee ran a 4:11.1 mile in a special invitation meet at Toronto on Aug. 20.—ED.

WITH THE WIND GONE

Sir:

Charles (Mile-a-Minute) Murphy (SI, Sept. 5) ranks among the greats of bicycling, but his record of 69 mph has been beaten by Alfred LeTourner, who rode 198.92 miles per hour at Bakersfield, Calif. in 1941. LeTourner was paged by Ronney Householder in a race on a concrete highway, riding at a speed of one mile in 35 seconds on a 2% upgrade. It required three miles to get up speed, four miles to stop after the record was made. The rear wheel on the bicycle turned 22 1/2 times per second, carrying the rider a distance of 159 feet per second.

The bicycle was a stock product fitted with an oversized chain-wheel sprocket and a very small rear sprocket. The racer was equipped with a shield to permit LeTourner to ride with the minimum wind resistance. This feat is possible only when the bicyclist is able to sustain pedaling sufficiently long to reach maximum rpm and probably represents something near the practical gearing that can be obtained in a bicycle.

EARLE CONNETTE

Merrow, Idaho

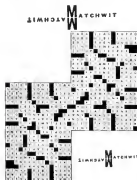
THE 16-GOAL MAN

Sir:

I read with much interest the Sept. 5 article on Cecil Smith, which rates him as the finest polo player who ever played, with the possible exception of Hitchcock....

Polo is naturally the most difficult of all games to play, for not only must a man be a good horseman and a steady hitter (at the full gallop and at all angles) of fast moving balls often bouncing high off the ground

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S



but he must have the rare faculty of being able to size up any situation in a fraction of a second and to place himself in the most favorable position either on offense or defense. It is fair to state that the 10-goal man is one who can think of 10 elements at a time and coordinate his action accordingly, while the one-goal man can think of only one thing, trying to get to the ball.

The player must know the ability of each player on the field, the relative speed of the ponies, the position of those who are in or may get into the radius of play, who can get to the ball first, how far the various players can drive the ball, how likely they are to miss the ball, what the chances are of losing a goal if an action fails, whether his partner can ride the dangerous opponent off the ball, if it is better to play a long drive or to shorten the distance while waiting for his partner to get further ahead of his opponent, and 30 other things interrelated with these . . .

I had the good fortune to play from 1897 to 1917, the heyday of polo, playing in big polo with and against all the best players, including the Big Four, and also those in England.

Hutchcock is probably the best No. 3 who has played. Milburn stands out as a fine No. 4, but only when he had a No. 3 who could take care of the openings he was no prone to leave. . . .

If I were asked to give my opinion as to who is or was the best polo player in the world, I would say that Larry Waterbury is the man. He could and did play every position in the highest class play, and he and he alone could hold his own against the best man in the world at any position, under all circumstances.

He was a hard rider but not a rough

one. He had all the strokes. But more than all he had that finesse which so many of the top men failed in, that finesse which is far better than rough riding. . . .

JOSUEA CRANE

Santa Barbara, Calif.

WANTED . . .

Sir:

Being an avid polo fan, I enjoyed the Cecil Smith story better than anything in your magazine to date. I came to know Cecil when he started to teach my brother polo and through the Open games when they played on the Hurricane teams with Stephen Sanford, Peter Perkins and Roberto Cavanaugh. . . . The one additional thing that should have been mentioned in regard to George Miller, Cecil's early benefactor, is the sign he had painted on the stables at Miller Field in San Antonio: "Don't want nothing but a good polo pony . . . Signed, Geo. Miller."

Thanks to Richard Meek for the fine photo of Cecil.

ROBERT M. SHEERIN

San Antonio, Tex.

GREAT BUNCH

Sir:

Would you please thank Jane Perry for her wonderful article on Dyer Beach, *Brooklyn's Mad Golf Course* (SI, Aug. 22). As the architect of this course I think her research was good, even though she missed a few things about the early days.

I recollect with deep emotion dodging golf balls during the last days of construction, listening to the grips of at least a thousand golfers, testifying in the courts and listening to the low-downs on myself, the golf course and the park department

in the bars along 86th Street. Of course, it is not really true that I got out of the country and into designing golf courses in South America to dodge the Dykerites. They were pretty frank in these remarks to me, but still they were my friends.

The training I got at Dyker was so good that I went through three revolutions in Venezuela without losing an eyelash. The one I ran into in Colombia was different. Even my training at Dyker did not prepare me for that one. I was building the 36-hole course for the Bogota Country Club and living in the old clubhouse. When the shooting got to the 18th fairway there was nothing that I learned at Dyker to keep me from being scared and I appealed to the American Embassy to get me out. They did, along with many others. Two weeks after I left they burned the clubhouse.

It would make me very happy if you would use your influence to secure for me a membership in the Happy Knoll Country Club. Many clubs in the past have granted me honorary memberships. If you could get me on the greens committee, possibly as chairman, I promise not to use the position to harrow bent grass seed from toe greens keeper or to use the crew to fix my lawn. If you could arrange this, it sure would raise my social status in our group. I would like to live those days at Dyker all over again. Greetings to them a great bunch of guys and dolls, those Dykerites.

JOHN R. VAN KLEEK

Caracas, Venezuela

● All is serene on Happy Knoll's Greens Committee at the moment, and there are no openings. However, Mr. Van Kleeck is hereby cordially welcomed as a guest member.—ED.

①



②



③



④



Bob Schuster

PAT ON THE BACK



BILL WHEDON

Bill Whedon, a 28-year-old oil salesman from West Hartford, Conn., astounded himself, his wife and the golfing world by shooting two holes-in-one in the first round of the \$20,000 Insurance City Open at Wethersfield, Conn. Bill used a five-iron for his hole-in-one on the 168-yard 5th (the first ace in his life) and a three-iron on the 298-yard 9th. But he finished the round with a 75, four over par. His wife Polly, who ran out to the course when she heard the news, said breathlessly, "He was so excited I can't remember what he said."

PHILAMON RODGERS

Philamon (Phil) Rodgers, 17, runner-up in the International Jaycee Golf Tournament last year, shot a 287 to win this year's tournament at Columbus, Ga., and earn a \$1,000 college scholarship. This year Phil has also won the San Diego junior title and the Los Angeles city open. A senior at La Jolla, Calif. high school, Phil took up golfing at 10 after his father, Harry, an automobile salesman, introduced him to the game. Phil won his first big-time trophy at 15 when he was medalist with a 69 in the Junior Western tournament.



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